The Manheim Tragedy.

A COMPLETE HISTORY

OF THE

DOUBLE MURDER

OF

MRS. GARBER & MRS. REAM:

WITH THE ONLY AUTHENTIC

LIFE AND CONFESSION

OF

ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

TOGETHER WITH

A CORRECT ACCOUNT OF THE ARREST, TRIAL, CONVICTION, SENTENCE, DEATH-WARRANT, AND EXECUTION OF ANDERSON AND HENRY RICHARDS, HIS ACCOMPLICE; TO WHICH IS APPENDED SOME BRIEF REFLECTIONS ON THE CAUSES AND CONSEQUENCES OF CRIME.

PUBLISHED BY H. A. ROCKAFIELD,

IN TRUST FOR THE BENEFIT OF ANDERSON'S WIFE AND CHILDREN.

LANCASTER, PA:
PRINTED AT THE EVENING EXPRESS OFFICE.
1858.

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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by
H. A. ROCKAFIELD,
in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

A WORD FROM THE PUBLISHER.

In presenting to the public so remarkable a narrative of adventure and crime as is contained in the following pages, the Publisher deems it proper to say a word by way of explanation and suggestion. We are not of the class who take pleasure in the reading or circulation of the details of the horrible in crime. In view of the moral effects such publications may have upon the minds of those who read with an *improper motive*, it were, perhaps, better if such publications could be suppressed. But generally, and in this case particularly, this would be impossible. When an execution takes place, publications purporting to be confessions, will make their appearance, and too often without regard to whether the condemned made an actual confession or not. It would have been so in this case, no less than three copy-rights having been taken out prior to this one, for titles purporting to cover confessions of Anderson and Richards; and knowing this, when the compiler and publisher were appealed to by one of the unfortunate men to take the matter in hand and publish his only authentic Life and Confession, the profits to be applied for the benefit of his wife and children, we consented to do that which, under other circumstances, would have been declined. This book is therefore published under the following agreement, the obligations of which, on our part, will be carried out to the very letter:

LANCASTER COUNTY PRISON, March 4, 1858.

Know all men by these presents, that I, ALEXANDER ANDERSON, now in the Lancaster County Prison under sentence of death, do hereby appoint H. A. ROCKAFIELD sole agent to publish and sell my life and confession, at such price as he may think proper . . . . the profits from the sale to be paid over to H. C LOCHER, and to be by him invested either in real estate security or city coupon bonds, the interest thereof to go to my wife during her natural life, and the principal to my children, provided they have attained their age before her demise.

Witness my hand and seal this fourth day of March, 1858.

ALEXANDER ANDERSON, { SEAL }

Witness present at signing: RUDOLPH RESSLER.

Of one fact the public may be fully assured. This "Life and Confession" is *authentic*. The greater part of it was written down by Anderson himself, at different times, after his conviction, as he could recall the leading incidents of his life to mind. This was transcribed, the orthography corrected, and the whole then read over to the prisoner in his cell, and again revised under his direction. Of course, it could not be expected that he could recollect the dates of so many incidents as fill up the measure of his life, or even preserve their chronological order. These were therefore arranged as correctly as possible, by the compiler referring to the court and prison records, and, in some cases to incidental circumstances, by which alone the prisoner could fix facts in his mind. After the whole was prepared for the press, Anderson requested that the names of certain parties implicated in his crimes and licentiousness should be omitted, as he, upon reflection, feared their publication might work to their prejudice in after life, and he could not die in peace

with even a conscious probability of having thus injured even the most degraded, by one of his last acts, after having repented of his crimes and made a profession of religious faith.

It is due to Rev. Theo. A. Hopkins and Rev. E. W. Appleton, the spiritual advisers of the condemned, to say that they desired certain other matters to be omitted from the Confession, after Anderson had informed them of what he had written; and it is further due to the prisoner to say that he joined in this desire after the principal portion of the matter was in press; but it was then too late to accede to his wishes. The Publisher is therefore alone responsible for their publication—though it is due also to himself to say that in no instance has any fact been exaggerated; but, on the contrary, the more revolting details, as related by Anderson, have been touched as lightly as was deemed consistent with narrative truth.

To make the work entirely complete, its publication has been withheld until after the execution, a correct account of which is appended, together with other matter which will be read with interest, and may be read with profit by all who read with a praiseworthy motive.

In the history and fate of these poor wretches there is much for the consideration of the moralist and philanthropist. In tracing the life of Anderson we find that ignorance and intemperance, operating under the influence of early and continued evil associations, were the primal causes of that criminal career which ended upon the gallows. The only education he received was in schools of vice and villany of the lowest order. At the early age of six years we find him contracting a taste for intoxicating liquors, and actually stealing whiskey to gratify this propensity. Losing his place on account of this misconduct, he falls into the hands of a man who taught him perjury against his own brother! Thus, step by step, he advances further and further in the career of crime, Intemperance and Licentiousness being his constant companions. The brutal outrage which brought him and his companion in crime to the gallows, was THE WORK OF RUM. The first direct step towards the murder of Mrs. Garber and Mrs. Ream seems to have been prompted by a desire to secure "*a levy*" *to buy another pint of whiskey.* They had already drank enough (in Anderson's own words) "to raise the devil in them," and failing to secure the means of further gratifying their appetites by fair means, they did not long hesitate to use the most foul.

Let those who may be disposed to feel encouraged by apparent success in smaller crimes, because, like Anderson, they may not "be found out," take timely warning by his fate. Degraded as he was, he had natural abilities which, properly educated and directed in other channels, might have made him a worthy man and an honor to his race. Drinking, gambling, licentiousness, and bad associations, led him to stealing—to murder—to the gallows. Often, he tells us, he stole "and was not found out." Let others, addicted to similar vices, take warning, even though they boast white skins. "Murder will out!" And the end of every such life is but another illustration of that proverbial truth which so many refuse to learn, until too late—

"*The way of the transgressor is hard.*"

THE MANHEIM TRAGEDY.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE MURDER AND THE ARREST.

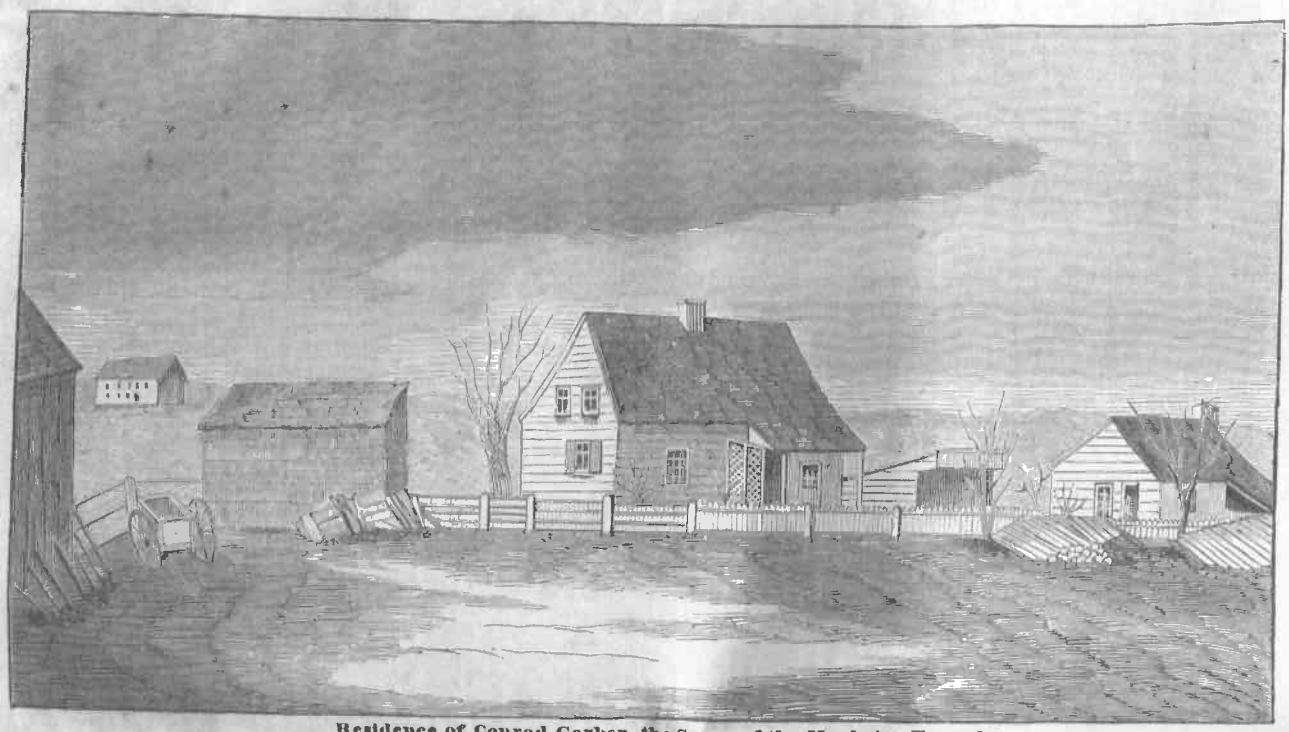
THE unprovoked and cold-blooded murder of Mrs. Garber and Mrs. Ream, in Manheim-twp., Lancaster county, on Tuesday the 15th of December, 1857, forms one of the most terrible pages in the bloody annals of crime. One of the most shocking of murders ever recorded, as occurring anywhere, the Manheim Tragedy was the most cruel and revolting outrage ever perpetrated in this community. The murders in Lancaster county (of which a brief account is elsewhere given in these pages) present no parallel. The Haggerty murder, in which two human beings were inhumanly butchered, and a third maimed for life, by a fiend crazed with deep and frequent potations from that cup in which "murder most foul" is too often concealed, even that, horrible as it was, did not equal the Manheim outrage. We say *outrage*, for any other term would fail to express the full meaning of that dark transaction. It was a murder; but it was more. It was a mid-day robbery, by hands dripping with innocent blood; but it was more. It was all that those who gazed upon that terrible scene after the deed was discovered could imagine; but it was still more. Haggerty did not spare the form of woman, nor even childhood; but, fiend that he was, he did not conceive, much less execute, the horrid idea of gratifying the brutality of unbridled passion by outraging the persons of his mangled and bleeding victims. He demanded only blood, and was satisfied with blood: the fiends in the Manheim outrage were not satisfied with that. Their double-murder was the work of a triple motive—they demanded blood—gold—and ———. The heart sickens—thought recoils within the dungeon of the mind—imagination palls—the pen involuntarily stops, at the contemplation of such a compound deed of fiendish brutality. While it was enacting, angels wept and averted their earth-reaching eyes, unused to look down upon such human depravity; and devils trembled at the contemplation of the consequences of their own hellish conception and instigation.

On the morning of the 15th of December the sun rose bright and beautiful, and shed his golden rays in the happy home of Conrad Garber. At an early hour he took leave of his wife and daughter for the day, and proceeded to his daily employment at some distance. It was the day preceding market, and Mrs. Garber, as it was her custom, made the usual preparations for going to town the next morning. Her daughter, Susan, having gone to visit a friend, Mrs. Elizabeth Ream, a relative and neighbor, came to keep Mrs. Garber company. The two old ladies were thus alone. No one, save the Omniscient, knew what was transpiring in that house until about one o'clock, when Mrs. Mary Ann Ream, daughter-in-law of Mrs. Ream, went down the hill-side from her own home "to keep the old folks company." As she entered the house a death-like silence reigned within. She entered the kitchen and there beheld onerring indications of some dreadful struggle. The furniture was displaced and marks of blood were upon the lower step of the stairs leading to the attic from the kitchen. Startled at the bare conception of some undefined dreadful outrage, young Mrs. Ream proceeded to the door of the back room, and there a spectacle met her gaze which froze the blood in

her veins and paralized her senses. Lying in that dark room, their bodies in an indelicate position, were her mother and mother-in-law, with their throats cut from ear to ear, and their clothes and persons saturated in their own blood.

As soon as she had sufficiently recovered from the shock, she fled from the house and gave the alarm to the neighbors. In a short time the whole neighborhood was aroused, and parties went in search of the authors of the bloody deed. Suspicion at once fell upon two sweeps, one of whom was represented as a negro, and the other as a mullato speaking the German language, who had been seen in the neighborhood in the early part of the day, and, at a later hour, making their way towards Lancaster. Mr. Isaac Kauffman, one of Garber's nearest neighbors, took his horse and carriage and drove to Lancaster, giving information at the Mayor's office and sending for Coroner Summy. The most intense excitement prevailed in and around the city. Few of the details were known, but sufficient was published in the daily papers of that evening to send a thrill of horror to the heart of every man, woman and child. Mayor Zimmerman despatched officers Myers and Gormley to the first gate on the Litiz pike, where it was ascertained that two men answering the description of the suspected murderers had passed that point on their way to the city. In the meantime officer Baker had gone out to the New Holland Pike and around by the Locomotive Works, where a number of boys were playing *shindy*, whom he told to keep a sharp look-out while he went for his revolver. The boys subsequently saw the "sweeps" coming up from the Groffstown road, and immediately sent two of their number to the Mayor's office, while the others followed the murderers into town. They took a circuitous course, dodging through alleys, and were finally arrested by officers Baker, Huffnagle and Kuhns, in Middle-st., near Stony Alley. Their arrest and commitment were announced in the papers that same evening. They were taken to the Mayor's office, before Alderman Musser, about four o'clock, who committed them for a further hearing on the following Saturday. When arrested about $90 in gold and silver was found concealed on Anderson's person, under his shirt, tied up in a Liverpool salt sack, and this again tied up in an unworn silk handkerchief. Three half dollars were found on Richards wrapped up in a piece of a German newspaper, similar to that found in the chest from which the money was taken. When the prisoners were brought to the Mayor's office, a large and excited crowd gathered in and around the building, and when they were finally brought out to be taken up to prison, the excitement was intense, exceeding even that manifested in the Haggerty murder case. Several persons in the crowd called out, "*Lynch the d—d niggers!*" and at one time it looked as if the suggestion might be acted upon, but the officers were allowed to take them to prison without hindrance.

In the Alderman's office, Anderson appeared to be sensible of his position and shed tears; but Richard's acted the bravo throughout, remarking, at one time, that he "didn't care a d—n what they done with him!" Blood was found on his shirt in several places, a large blotch appearing upon one of his wrist bands, which he said came there by killing a turkey. Both denied having come through the Litiz toll gate, but the gate keeper fully identified them as the men who passed through. When they were stripped at the prison, blood was found upon other portions of their clothes, and one conclusive circumstance of their guilt was a half-blotch of blood upon the outside and lower edge of Richards' pantaloons, *which corresponded with the other half upon one of the old shoes found under*



Residence of Conrad Garber, the Scene of the Manheim Tragedy.

Garber's drawer. These shoes he left there, taking a pair belonging to Mrs. Garber, which he wore into town, and had on when arrested.

VISIT TO THE SCENE OF THE TRAGEDY.

In the meantime the Reporter of *The Evening Express* had been despatched to the scene of the tragedy, and his very full and complete account of the murder appeared in that paper of the next day, from which we gather the following particulars and description of the scene as then presented to his view:

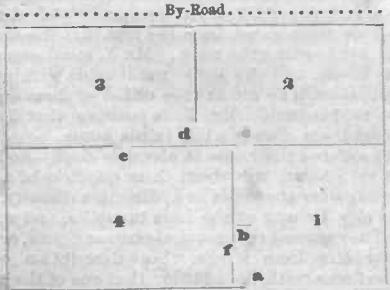
We reached the scene of the tragedy about four o'clock in the afternoon and left at half-past eleven last night, having spent seven hours and a half in the building, minutely examining the premises and obtaining full particulars of the tragedy—one of the most fiendish and cold-blooded in the annals of crime, and that, too, committed in the full glare of the mid-day sun.

The position of the corpses presented one of the most harrowing sights conceivable. Stretched cold and ghastly upon the floor in a pool of blood, the hair tangled and matted over the face and neck, the skulls fractured in several places, and the heads almost served from the bodies, many of the nearest neighbors were scarcely able to distinguish Mrs. Ream from Mrs. Garber. The scene was so terrible that the stoutest hearts shrank back appalled.

The scene of this dreadful tragedy lies in one of the most beautiful and fertile sections of the county, on a by-road leading from the old Manheim road to the Litiz pike, about three-fourths of a mile from the village of Fruitville on the former road, and about one mile from the village of Neffsville on the latter. A high, abrupt hill rises about three hundred yards back of the road, which leaves the house open to view on three sides. The house of Mr. Kauffman nearly opposite, is within a hundred yards, and the house of Mr. Hoover, the same distance directly to the left on the Manheim road. The house of Mr Ream is also about the same distance in the rear of the house, on the hill. Thus it will be seen that Mr. Garber's house was in full view of three houses, there being no trees or other impediments (except a few trees on the hill near Mr. Ream's house) to obstruct the view. The house is a one-story weather-boarded, recently whitewashed, and has four rooms on the first floor and an attic, and stands about twenty yards from the road.

DIAGRAM AND DESCRIPTION OF THE PREMISES.

The following diagram of the ground floor of the house, will afford our readers a more correct and intelligible idea of the scene and theory of the murder:



EXPLANATION.

1—The kitchen. 2—Sleeping room. 3—Sleeping room. 4—Sitting room. a—Door entering the house. b—Door leading to attic. c—Door leading into room 2. d—Door leading into room 3. e—Door leading into room 4. f—Door leading to kitchen.

In the fire place of the kitchen was found a stout hickory club about four feet in length. Under a dresser, near the door leading into the yard, was found a hatchet, the handle stained with blood, with which in the opinion of the examining physicians, the fractures of the skull were produced. Under a small dresser in the chimney corner a pair of old shoes were concealed, upon the heel of one of which were stains of blood.

The bodies of the murdered women were found in room 2, which is about twelve by fifteen feet, and contains a bed, a cradle and a small table. The bodies

lay close together, that of Mrs. Garber laying almost parallel with the main partition, and that of Mrs. Ream with the head towards the by-road, while their feet met, nearly forming a rightangle. There is one window in this room, looking towards the road, but the shutter was closed and the room quite dark.

Room 3 contained two beds, a wardrobe, a large chest and a number of smaller articles. This room is about the same size as 2 and has a window also looking towards the road, the shutter of which was closed. Stains of blood were found on the pillows and sheets of one of the beds. The chest containing the money, was immediately behind the door *e*. It was filled with bed-clothing, dresses and other articles and the money was at the bottom, amounting to about eighty or ninety dollars, in gold and silver, the most of it in new fifty and twenty-five cent pieces; one or two five dollar gold pieces, several two and a half pieces, and some in one dollar pieces. Mrs. Garber had charge of the money and Mr. Garber could not positively say how it was put away, but thought it was wrapped in a piece of newspaper. The chest had been locked and was forced open. The drawers of the wardrobe were rifled and their contents, with those of the chest, were thrown on to the floor. At the bottom of the chest were found several parts of newspapers, among which were one or two pieces of a German newspaper in which the money had probably been wrapped.

Leaving room 3 the murderers next went to the sitting room (4) where they searched the bureau drawers and closet and threw their contents on to the floor. The door of a clock standing on a shelf in the corner of this room was found open, and though not half run down, the hands indicated that it was stopped *precisely ten minutes before twelve*. The clock was going when Mr. Garber left his home in the morning, thus showing that the clock must have been accidentally stopped by the murderers in their search for plunder, and that the murder must have been committed between eleven and twelve o'clock.

MOVEMENTS OF THE MURDERERS.

The perpetrators of this double murder are beyond doubt the two persons arrested yesterday. No human eye saw them do the dreadful deed, but there is a chain of circumstances pointing to them so direct that not a single link is imperfect. They were seen in the neighborhood of the murder at an early hour of the day. About eleven o'clock two persons called at the house of Isaac Kauffman, living directly opposite, and stated that they were sweeps and wished to clean his chimneys. Mr. K told them he had no work of that kind to do. They then asked for bread and meat. Mr. K. furnished them with bread but stated he had no meat. They then left the house and started across the fields in a diagonal direction for Garber's house. Mr. Kauffman stood at his door and watched them go behind the house: he could not see them enter, from the fact that the door of Garber's house was in the rear and not fronting the road. Mr. K. stood some five or six minutes looking towards the house, and the party not leaving within that time he thought they had got a job, though he did not see either of them emerge from the chimney. He then went to his barn. Mr. K. is positive that he can identify the parties, as he scrutinized them closely while in his house.

It is evident then, that the party entered the house at eleven o'clock—no later. The next place they were seen, as yet known, was about three quarters of a mile from the scene of the murder, coming over the fields in a direction directly from Garber's, and striking towards this city by way of the Litiz turnpike, and within two hundred yards of the pike. They passed this point about *one o'clock*, or perhaps a little later, and were seen by Mrs. John Meese, whose description corresponds exactly with that of Mr. Kauffman, with the addition that one of the party had a bundle. Mr. K. did not recollect seeing a bundle in the hands of either. Mrs. Meese is positive she can identify the persons she saw pass her house.

THEORY OF THE MURDER.

It is the general opinion of those who spent any time at the house that the murderers met Mrs Garber and Mrs. Ream at the door of the sitting room (marked *f* in diagram) and that they were struck and knocked down, and then dragged through the door (*c*) into the chamber (marked 2) where their persons were violated and what little life yet remained was destroyed by cutting their throats. What makes this hypothesis probable is, that small pools of blood were found on

the lower step of the stairs leading to the attic (marked *b*) and indications were present that a struggle had taken place in the kitchen (1). After accomplishing their fiendish purpose, they proceeded to rifle the house, money being their object. Leaving the bodies they went through the door marked *d*—blood marks being left right in the centre of the door, evidently made by the palm of the hand in pushing the door open, as the door opens into room 3. Having rifled room 3, they went through the door (*e*) into the sitting room (4), and made their exzit from the house through doors *f* and *a*.

INQUEST AND POST-MORTEM EXAMINATION.

Up to 8 o'clock, p. m., Mr. Summy, the coroner, not having arrived on the spot, [being absent at Strasburg attending the funeral of his child] Esquire Henry H. Kurtz, of Neffsville, under the advice of District Attorney Dickey, summoned a jury to hold an inquest, and ordered a post-mortem examination to be made by Drs. H. B. and E. J. Bowman. Before, however, the jury returned a verdict, a little after 9 o'clock, Coroner Summy arrived, in company with Drs. J. H. Ehler and Jno. L. Atlee, jr., of Lancaster, and summoned another jury, when a thorough examination of the wounds were made. [The result of these examinations, which corresponded in every respect with each other. appear in the report of the trial].

The Coronor's Jury heard no testimony, but after viewing the bodies, and hearing the result of the *post-mortem* examination, they returned a verdict to the effect that deceased had come to their death by the violence of some person or persons, to the jury unknown.

From the hour of the discovery of the murder, until a late hour of the night, the rooms of the house were crowded, while knots of people stood on the outside discussing its enormity and unparalleled boldness. Its like was never seen or heard of by any present. Had the wretches who enacted the awful tragedy fallen into the hands of the excited and exasperated neighbors, summary punishment would have been inflicted on the spot.

THE VICTIMS AND THEIR FAMILY RELATIONS.

The family relations of Mr. Garber were of a happy character. A care and neatness was observable in every part of the premises, which betokened a quiet rural home, and which has been rendered forever dark and terrible to the memories of its remaining members. The unfortunate victims were advanced in age, more than a half century having passed over their heads, and were highly respected among their neighbors.

Mrs. ANNA GARBER was 55 years of age, and had been the mother of ten children, five of whom, three sons and two daughters, are living. The others are dead, or, as Mr. Garber beautifully yet mournfully expressed it, his wife is now *on the other side* with five of their children, and he is here with the rest; but he hopes to join her and them in the better land. Abram Garber, one of their sons, keeps the hotel at Fruitville; Jacob lives at Lexington and Samuel near Rothsville, all in this county. One daughter, Susan Garber, lived at home; the other, Mary Ann, is married to Henry Ream, whose mother was one of the murdered victims. She lived a few hundred yards from her father's house, at the time of the tragedy, but after that she and her husband and two children removed to Garber's house, to keep them company, where they still live together.

Mrs. Garber was a woman of medium size, stoutly built, and of unusual courage and strength for a woman, as Anderson's account of his struggle with her conclusively shows. She was the daughter of Philip Fink, and was raised near Millport in Warwick-twp. She was very economical, an industrious and exemplary housekeeper, an affectionate mother, and a faithful wife. By attending market, she expected to raise the sum of $101, the interest on the purchase money of a tract of 22 acres of land, which her husband had purchased at her instance, he fearing at first to do so lest he might be unable to keep the small property they

lived on, if he increased their indebtedness. At the time of the murder she had laid away the desired amount all but a few dollars.

Mrs. Elizabeth Ream was 59 years of age. She had left her husband about nine years ago, on account of his dissipation and worthlessness, and lived with her son for the last five years preceding her death. Her husband is still living and resides near York, Pa., but is still a dissipated and worthless fellow. Notice was sent him of the death of his wife, and the time fixed for the funeral, but he did not attend! Mrs. Ream, in personal appearance, was not so tall and thinner than Mrs. Garber. She was greatly esteemed and beloved by all who knew her.

NEW EVIDENCE OF GUILT DISCOVERED.

On the morning after the murder, officer Baker was notified that the men accused of the murder had left a number of articles at a place known as the "Cottage," or "Spook House," near the bridge on the Philadelphia Railroad about a mile from this city. The officer went to the spot and found a mantilla with marks of blood upon it, a pair of ear-rings, and some other articles, tied in a handkerchief, which he took out to Mr. Garber's, who identified them as his property. The shoes worn by Richards when arrested he also identified as the shoes Mrs. Garber used for wearing to market. That same afternoon, Mr. Kauffman, a near neighbor of Garber's, called at the prison, and immediately identified Anderson and Richards as the men who called at his house and went from there to Garber's on the day of the murder.

THE FUNERAL OF THE VICTIMS.

The funeral of Mrs. Garber and Mrs. Ream took place on Thursday at 10 o'clock. The remains were interred in a grave-yard at the Kissel Hill (New Haven) church, on the Litiz turnpike, about four miles from the house. The train of carriages and horsemen was probably the largest ever seen in the county; over four hundred carriages alone were in the procession, and notwithstanding the solemnity of the occasion, the excitement among the people through fear that the guilty might escape the punishment so justly due them, is said to have been terrible in the extreme. The feeling of indignation was intense, and threats were freely made that the prisoners would not be allowed to return to the prison alive, if they were brought out to have a hearing on the following Saturday. The funeral discourses were preached by Rev. Mr. Menges, of the Lutheran, Rev. Mr. Hoffmeier, of the German Reformed, and Rev. Mr. Reinhold, of the German Baptist, whose solemn remarks, added to the painful circumstances of the occasion, and the unusual prevailing excitement, made the scene deeply and painfully impressive. The like was never before witnessed in the county.

PRELIMINARY HEARING OF THE PRISONERS.

Saturday morning, the 19th of December, having been fixed upon for the hearing of the prisoners, long before the hour a large crowd collected in and around the Mayor's office, and the most intense excitement prevailed, especially among those from the country. When it was learned, that, as published the previous evening, the prisoners would not be brought down street (they being afraid of being mobbed) much indignation was manifested, and the crowd freely expressed themselves in favor of hanging the "wretches." Some of the farmers from the neighborhood of the tragedy declared that "hanging was too good for them," and a very respectable gentleman, and of a peaceful and law-abiding reputation, said that they had the wood all ready to burn the murderers, and intended

to take them out for that purpose, and thus, "save the county the expense of trying them!" Others expressed their apprehension that the prisoners might break jail, or escape through some technicality of the law, and they did this in terms not very complimentary to the justice of Lancaster County. We learned from conversation with several persons (strangers to us) that there was a determination, among certain partie , to take the law in their own hands, if an opportunity was afforded. A number of citizens tried to reason against such a course, but the reply generally given was a reference to the details of the fiendish murder and to the precedents of others escaping who, in their oppinion, were guilty of the crimes charged against them. Finally, when it was certainly ascertained that the prisoners would not be brought down, the majority of the crowd dispersed, but a large number still remained, half believing that there was some kind of a *ruse* attempted upon them.

The examination of witnesses was conducted by District Attorney Dickey before Alderman Musser.

Mr. Conrad Garber, and his two daughters, Miss Susan Garber and Mrs. Mary Ann Ream, clad in the habiliments of mourning, with the evidence of a deep and overwhelming affliction stamped upon their countenances, were the first witnesses examined, in a general way, and who fully identified the articles found on the prisoners and those obtained at the "Cottage" by officer Baker. A number of other witnesses were examined, whose testimony was substantially the same as afterwards given on the trial in Court, and will not therefore be detailed in this place. Several of the witnesses who had not seen the prisoners since their arrest, said they thought they could identify them, and Mr. Dickey requested them to go up to the prison with himself, the alderman, and the Garbers.

IMPRESSIVE SCENE IN THE PRISON.

We took this opportunity to visit the prison ahead of the crowd, and saw and conversed with Anderson and Richards in their cells. Anderson appeared to be very much depressed, but Richards seemed to be in a good humor and apparently unconcerned. In answer to a query whether his name was Richards or Richardson, he replied that it was *Henry Richards.*

The Alderman, District Attorney and witnesses having arrived, they were seated in the office while the prisoners were brought down stairs and directed to dress in the same clothes they had on when arrested. When told by the under keeper to come down stairs, they showed considerable trepidation, and one of them said, *"We don't want to go down street!"* Being finally dressed in their sweep's garb, they were brought into the store-room adjoining the office, and directed to stand on the side opposite the office door. The witnesses were then taken in and arranged themselves in a semi-circle around the prisoners. All the witnesses who had seen them in the neighborhood of the tragedy at once identified them. Mr. Kauffman entered into conversation with them, first asking them if they knew him. Anderson replied that he did not. But when Mr. Kauffman related the circumstance of their coming to his house, and what conversation they had with him, they admitted that such was the case. He then, in a somewhat excited manner, went on to relate how he saw them go across to Garber's and enter there, and was aading—"then you steeped your guilty hands in the blood of those poor, helpless women"—when Mr. Dickey interrupted him and said they were now clearly identified, which was all he wanted.

The prisoners, as they stood in the store room, were much changed in appearance and manner, from what they were when we saw them in their cells but a few minutes before—especially Richards, from whose face the grinning smile had taken a sudden flight. They stood as if transfixed to the spot, and fearful that a glance or a word might call forth some sudden vengeance upon their guilty heads.

There was one feature of this scene which was deeply solemn and impressive. In

the middle of the semi-circular array, stood Conrad Garber, the husband of one of the murdered victims, supporting on either arm one of his daughters, clad in mourning garb, their hearts pierced with a recent, sudden, and terrible sorrow, while right before them stood the two guilty authors of their grief, the desolators of their late happy home, whom they now probably looked upon for the first time. No word informed the murderers that their unslain victims stood before them, but with an instinct which ever lives in the guilty conscience, they seemed to realize the dreadful personality as their eyes fell suddenly, from a hasty glance at those sorrow-stricken faces, to the floor at their feet.

The identification being complete, and a perfect chain of circumstantial evidence of their guilt fully established, Alexander Anderson and Henry Richards were finally committed to answer the charge of murder at the next term of the Oyer and Terminer, commencing on the third Monday of January.

While this scene was enacting within the prison walls, one somewhat different, but not less exciting, was witnessed without. When it was known that the parties were going up to the prison, there was a general moving of the people in that direction, and a large crowd was soon collected in front of the prison gates, among whom a good deal of impatience and excitement was manifested. When they found, however, that there was no chance of gaining admittance, they quietly dispersed; but the tragedy was still the general subject of conversation among groups of excited countrymen collected at the hotels and on the street corners late in the day.

TRIAL AND CONDEMNATION OF ANDERSON.

The trial of Alexander Anderson commenced on Thursday the 21st of January, in the Court of Oyer and Terminer, before Judges Hayes, Long, and Brinton, the former presiding during the term. On the Monday afternoon previous, at the opening of the Court, the prrisoners had been brought down to select their own counsel They were brought into Court handcuffed together, amid much excitement.

When placed in the prisoner's box, they were perhaps the objects of a closer scrutiny than any persons that have ever been in that building. Every seat in the room was filled before the opening of the Court, and many of the audience stood on tip-toe to get a glimpse of the prisoners, and seemed reluctant to take their seats when ordered to do so by the tip-staves.

The scene was peculiarly impressive from the fact that among those present gazing with deep and painful interest upon the destroyers of their peace and the despoilers of their home, were Mr. Garber and his two daughters, who sat in the witness box.

District Attorney Dickey stated that the prisoners informed him they desired the Court to assign them counsel. After a short conference with Judge Brinton, Judge Hayes assigned Alexander Harris and Frederick S. Pyfer, Esqrs., to take charge of the case, who at once entered into consultation with their clients, and concluded they would not ask for a continuance of the case. The District Attorney then arranged to proceed with the trial on Thursday morning.

At the opening of the Court the large hall began to fill up rapidly, and in a few minutes was filled to its utmost capacity, many being unable to obtain seats. In a short time it was found necessary to station a tip-stave at the door, and only allow one person to enter for each one that went out. In consequence of this arrangement the vestibule and stairway became densely and uncomfortably crowded. The prisoners were brought in by the Sheriff a short time before the opening of the

court and placed in the prisoners' dock, where they were "the observed of all observers," and appeared to be the least interested of any present in the solemn scene about to be enacted. The Sheriff was directed to bring in Alexander Anderson, which was the signal for a general rising of the spectators to get a glance at the prisoner. Anderson walked into the bar in his usual sullen and dogged manner, and being directed to stand up, District Attorney Dickey read to him the bill of indictment, which contained two counts. The first count charged Anderson with the murder of Anna Garber, by cutting her throat with a knife, and the second with committing the act with a club and hatchet, the wounds being described with the usual minuteness of such documents.

The prisoner during the reading of the indictment stood unmoved, and answered the questions put to him by the clerk in a firm, emotionless voice.

Clerk—To this indictment, Alexander Anderson, what is your plea, guilty or not guilty?

Prisoner—*Not Guilty.*

Clerk—Alexander Anderson, how do you wish to be tried?

Prisoner [by direction of counsel]—By God and my country.

The prisoner having been duly arraigned took his seat between his counsel, Messrs. Harris and Pyfer, and the tedious process of empannelling a jury was proceeded with, the prisoner being informed by the court that he had the right to twenty peremptory challenges and as many more as he could show cause for. The Commonwealth has no right of peremptory challenge in such cases.

The usual questions were put to each juror as he came up—

By the Commonwealth—Have you any conscientious scruples such as would prevent you from rendering a verdict of guilty in a case where the penalty is death, provided the law and the evidence justified such verdict?

By the Prisoner—Have you at time formed or expressed an opinion, such as may influence your conduct as a juror?

Have you any bias or prejudice against the prisoner at the bar?

Do you, then, in every respect, according to the best of your knowledge and belief, stand perfectly indifferent between the prisoner and the Commonwealth?

During the progress empannelling a jury, it was found that the plan of letting in one person as another went out, would not work, the "outside pressure" being so great as to overpower the tipstave. After two or three general rushes, in which a number gained admittance, the doors were kept locked.

After eight jurors were sworn the regular panel was exhausted, and the Sheriff directed to issue a special venire. Of forty three jurors called of the regular panel, seven were peremptorily challenged, and twenty-eight challenged for cause. One juror, in reply to the Commonwealth's interrogatory said that he had some conscientious scruples, but would have less in sitting upon this case than in any other. This reply of course was not satisfactory to the prisoner's counsel and he was challenged for cause.

At eleven o'clock the special venire of twenty five jurors, summoned from the court room, was announced, and after the defense had exhausted eighteen out of their twenty peremptory challenges, the following persons had been duly qualified as the jury to try the cause: David G. Swartz, City; Abraham Erisman, Rapho; Alexander Shultz, Strasburg; Henry Kurtz, East Earl; Abraham Peters, Manor; John S. Mellinger, Manor; Joel L. Lightner, East Lampeter; William Kunkel, Eden; William Wright, City; Alexander Danner, City; Martin Hanemacher, City; Emanuel Cassel, Mount Joy.

District Attorney Dickey then opened the case for the Commonwealth, by reading the bill of indictment to the jury, defining the crime of murder, and briefly narrating the leading facts by which the Commonwealth expected to prove their case and fasten the guilt of the horrid tragedy upon the accused. Mr. Dickey's opening was a clear and concise narration of the train of circumstances which pointed to the guilt of the prisoner at the bar and his companion in the dock. He said it was unnecessary to comment upon the brutality and enormity of the offence, but he would content himself by laying the naked facts before them, which would leave no doubt in the mind of a reasonable man of the prisoner's guilt.

TESTIMONY FOR THE COMMONWEALTH.

Dr. JOHN L. ATLEE, jr., was the first witness called; he assisted at the post-mortem examination, and accurately described the wounds; there were four or five wounds on the head; the skull was broken in, showing such a circular hole as might have been inflicted with the pole of a hatchet driven home with great force; this alone would have been sufficient to produce death; the throat was also literally cut from ear to ear down to the bone; had been done with some sharp clean-cutting instrument; his opinion was that their throats had been cut after they were knocked down, and that they had then been dragged into the room where they were found; a hatchet was produced which the doctor said would produce such wounds as were found upon the skulls of both the murdered women.

Dr. H. B. BOWMAN assisted in the first examination: he found the bodies lying in a very indelicate position; the wound in the neck combined five mortal wounds, either of which would have produced death; he also described the wounds on the head referred to by Dr. Atlee, one of which had evidently been made with a blow from some blunt instrument, and the others, in his opinion, with a club. The wound in the throat had been made with a clean cutting instrument: in room No. 3 [see diagram on page 7] the blood on the wall and ceiling was evidently from the blow on the crown of the head, which must have been inflicted by a blow from behind; he was of opinion that Mrs. Garber was then in the act of trying to open the window to give an out-cry; she was afterwards dragged out of this room into the room where the bodies were found. The body of Mrs. Ream was found lying in the same indelicate position, and had similar wounds upon the neck and head, evidently inflicted with the same instruments.

CONRAD GARBER, the husband of Anna Garber, deceased, was next called, and gave his testimony amid a profound and impressive silence in the court room. He said he left his wife at home in good health at six o'clock in the morning, and returned about three in the afternoon; found her murdered; [the witness here became so much affected that he had great difficulty in proceeding] the bodies were in the same position when the doctors examined them as when he came home and first saw them; he then described the position of the house, the furniture and marks of blood, in answer to the District Attorney; [substantially the same as detailed on pages 7 and 8] the chest in which his wife kept her money was broken open and contents scattered on the floor; money gone; he could not say exactly how much she had, but some time before she was murdered she told him she lacked $12 of $100; all the money was in gold and silver, American coin; she kept it wrapped up in a newspaper in a bowl set in the chest; this bowl was found on the floor; a pair of old shoes found under the cupboard was here shown, which witness said did not belong to any member of his family; the money was here exhibited and identified; his wife [witness deeply affected] had saved it by marketing to pay interest on some land he had bought; she had paid this interest the year before and was saving money for the same purpose for this year; she placed nothing but specie and new coin apart for this purpose; Mr. Garber here identified several articles which had been in the prisoner's possession and were found at the "Cottage," such as cravats, handkerchiefs, &c.; some as his own, others as his wife's and daughter's; the shoes his wife used to wear to market he also identified.

At this stage of the examination an unusually impressive and affecting incident occurred. When shown a black barred handkerchief, he said it was his, and proceeded to take the one off his own neck, remarking *that* would show it; the two were

laid together and proved to have been cut apart, the bars matching; he said his wife had cut them apart and hemmed them for him; the one was taken out of his house and the next he saw of it was in the Mayor's office

This witness was not cross-examined, and when he took his seat all the efforts of his will to suppress his feelings proving unavailing—tears coursing down his cheeks and his whole countenance expressive of the keenest mental suffering. In our whole experience in a criminal court we never witnessed a more affecting scene, or one better calculated to excite pity for a sufferer, or arouse revengeful feelings against an offender. The testimony of Mr. Garber was given with the greatest impartiality, he endeavoring nought to extenuate or set aught down in malace.

SUSANNA GARBER, daughter of the deceased, was next examined; she identified a number of articles, among others a mantilla, which she had laid away in the bureau about a week before the murder; the next time she saw it was in the Mayor's office; it had marks [of blood] on then which were not on it when she laid it away; she also identified a parasol, which had been lying on the mantilla. This witness was cross-examined as to the marks of blood, etc., in the rooms; she came home at three o'clock in the afternoon and was not the first to discover the murder.

LEVI SUMMY, Coroner, testified that the hatchet [exhibited] was found on the premises of Conrad Garber about ten o'clock; there was blood on the handle and on the pole; witness handed it over to Mr. Dickey soon after it came into his possession; the stains of blood still appeared on the handle.

J. LIGHTNER SHARP—Lives at the cross roads in Manheim township, about three miles from Garber. The prisoner was at his house on the morning of the murder, at half past 9 o'clock.

HENRY L. LANDIS, testified that he saw prisoner and Richards about 9½ o'clock on the morning of the murder about half way between the Manheim road and Litiz—going towards Manheim; they were coming from the direction of Mr. Sharp's; was positive the prisoner is one of the men he met.

HENRY BUCKWALTER—Saw Anderson and Richards on the morning of the murder on the old Manheim road going toward's Garber's; it was about 10 o'clock in the morning; they were about 1¾ miles from Garber's; passed Emanuel Keller on the road. Witness swore positively that Anderson was one of the men.

EMANUEL KELLER—Testified that between 9 and 10 o'clock on the morning of the murder, he saw the prisoner and Richard passing along the Manheim road, in the direction of Mr. Garber's; was working in a quarry which is located close to the road; was positive Anderson was one of the men who passed.

WILLIAM MCILHENNY—Saw prisoner on the public road, about 1¼ miles from and going in direction of Mr. Garber's; he was in company with another man; it was about 10 o'clock.

JACOB LAWRENCE—Corroborated the testimony of the previous witness; he was at the house of McIlhenny when they were there.

JACOB STUMP—Saw prisoner and Richards at Fruitville (Noodledoosey) on the morning of the murder. They were going in the direction of Garber's—which is about ¾ of a mile from there.

EDWARD GRUBB—Lives about 300 yards from Garber's. Prisoner was there on the morning of the murder and left, going in the direction of Garber's. He, in company with Richards, was at witness's house about 10 o'clock in the morning.

ISAAC KAUFFMAN—Testified that on the morning of the 15th of December Anderson and Richards came to his house, near Garber's about a quarter before eleven o'clock; saw them go away straight in the direction of Garber's house; saw them go within eight feet of the kitchen door, when the corner of the house hid them from his view; about one o'clock, two hours after they left, he first heard of the murder; went over and found the women murdered and the house in confusion; saw a club standing by the door of the kitchen, where the women were lying. witness lives about 300 yards from Garber's.

[A copy of the diagram on page seven was here exhibited to witness and jury.]

B. H. OBER was called and testified that he made this diagram from an examination of the premises on the evening of the murder, and that the explanations attached are correct.

Mr. Kauffman, referring to the diagram, explained the position of the dead

bodies on the floor, and designated in what part of the house the club and pools of blood were found.

MARY ANN REAM—a daughter of Conrad Garber, and married to a son of Mrs. Ream, one of the murdered women—testified that her mother in-law, Mrs. Ream, left home about 9 or 10 o'clock, for the purpose of visiting Mrs. Garber. Shortly before one o'clock she went over and found her and Mrs Garber murdered. She gave the alarm. She lives about three hundred yards from Garber's. The murdered women were lying in the room adjoining the kitchen; the window was not hoisted, but the carpet was shoved together. On the steps, in the kitchen, there was a good deal of blood; can't say if the bodies were moved; did not touch them. They money was kept in the chest in a room adjoining the one where the women were lying; there was a clock in the next room [marked 4 in diagram.] The clock was stopped at 10 minutes of 12. There was blood on the window, on the bed clothes and on the articles thrown out of the bureau. The bodies remained in the same position she saw them until the doctors came. There was nearly one hundred dollars in money in the chest, in American half and quarter dollars and in gold. [The witness here identified articles of clothing taken from the house and found in possession of the prisoners.] She also identified a pair of ear rings belonging to her sister, and which were in a box on which was written the name of her sister.

MARY MEASE—Lives about 500 yards from Garber's, on the road leading from the old Manheim road to Litiz pike, and testified that she saw the prisoner and Richards between 12 and 1 o'clock, on the day of the murder. Anderson had a bundle and they were coming from the direction of Garber's.

GEORGE DOERR—Was working on the 15th day of December about 1¼ of a mile from Neffsville, near where the road comes in from the Manheim road to the pike, and saw Anderson and Richards going toward Lancaster. It was about one o'clock; Anderson was holding something under his coat; that same day I saw them in the Mayo's office.

SAMUEL LONGENECKER—Was passing along the Litiz pike that afternoon and passed Anderson and Richards a short distance this side of where the Manheim road comes in; passed them twice on the road; stopped at Maurer's, and then they passed me; Anderson had something under his coat; and had also a small bundle under his arm; they were walking very fast; I saw them that evening in the Mayor's office in the same dress; saw Anderson's cap and examined it; there was blood on it; also some blood on their clothes; am confident prisoner is one of them.

DAVID FORD—Saw Anderson and another man on the day of the murder, on the Litiz pike, at the first gate. It was about 2 o'clock; they were going towards Lancaster; Anderson had a bundle; they were walking very fast and would occasionally look back.

LEWIS STONE—Was working on the Railroad, below the Locomotive Works that afternoon; saw Anderson and Richards come across the field from the New Holland pike; when twenty or thirty yards off from me Anderson took out a rag or handkerchief and the other took out a butcher knife and cut it in two; Richards then said, "I'll wrap my money in this;" the other said, "mine is snug enough;" when they got under the culvert at "willow pond" .....; they took out a bottle and took a drink; they then went in the direction of the "spook house" or cottage.

JOHN PAINTER—Was working with Stone and corroborated his testimony.

SAMUEL GUNDAKER—Watchman at the Conestoga bridge, testified that about two o'clock on the day of the murder, he saw them come down the railroad towards the "shanty;" Anderson asked witness whether John Delong was at home; said he was not; he then asked was his wife at home, remarking, "she will do as well;" witness replied he did not know, he should go and see; they then went in that direction. Anderson lived in a room in the Cottage last Spring about two months; then moved to Lebanon; had not seen him from the day he moved until the afternoon of the murder; Anderson had a bundle with him.

MARY DELONG—Testified that Anderson and Richards came to her house on the day of the murder between one and two o'clock; Anderson had some clothing under his shirt; he had also a bag of money; [salt-sack containing Garber's money shown and identified by witness] he threw it on the bed and said they had earned that much; that they had settled off with the man they worked for in Lebanon;

witness remarked they must have worked hard to earn so much money; they said, yes, *they had worked very hard for it*; gave witness the ear rings: said his (Anderson's) wife had bought them and sent them to her for a present; said they got clothing in pay for work at places where they could get no money; Richards had a big knife in his coat pocket but he took it with him—[the articles were here shown to witness who identified.] Anderson tied the clothes up in this red handkerchief and left the bundle in her house. They left the clothing there because Anderson had lived in their house two months last Summer; he wanted to rent again; they told her they were going into town to buy some new clothes; Anderson told her that when they were going round the country and the people refused to give them food they took it. I gave these things to officer Baker.

MARGARET SNYDER, [a little girl]—Lives at the same house, and corroborated the testimony of Mrs. Delong; they took the money with them; she also saw the butcher knife in Richard's possession.

PHILIP S. BAKER, and officer Huffnagle arrested Anderson and Richards about four o'clock on the afternoon of the murder; found this cravat [identified as Mr. Garber's] on prisoner's neck and this handkerchief in his pocket; these shoes [shown] were on Richard's feet, [the same Mrs. Garber wore to market;] Anderson had the money in this bag under his clothes next to his skin; the clothing, razor, etc., witness got at the "Spook house."

GEO. FINK—Identified the razor as one he left at the house of his sister (Mrs. Garber.)

CONRAD GARBER, re called—Two butcher knives were missing from his premises after the murder; the hatchet did not belong to him.

SUSAN GARBER, re called—Identified the ear rings as hers; either she or Mr. Zahm wrote her name in the box; had left them with him once to get them repaired.

MR. OBER, re called—Saw several blood spots on the papers in and scattered around the chest on the evening of the murder; he called the attention of the District Attorney to it.

The Commonwealth here rested the case.

THE DEFENSE.

Mr. Harris, in opening for the defense, said they had no evidence to offer: the prisoners were poor men, and without the means of preparing a defence: still in view of his position as one of the counsel assigned by the Court to defend the cause of these unfortunate and friendless men, he felt it to be his duty to say something to the jury. He admitted that the array of circumstantial evidence against the prisoner looked formidable, and he knew the feeling of the community was strongly arrayed against his client. But in view of the fact that a great multitude of the people of Pennsylvania are averse to capital punishment and believe that it should be abrogated; and in view of the uncertainty of circumstantial evidence, it was his duty to show to the jury, that there was a *possibility* of even this man being innocent. He then gave some illustrations of the uncertainty of circumstantial evidence, where the wrong men had been convicted and the death-penalty imposed upon them. In one instance, a man stole a pony, and finding he was pursued along the public highway, asked a stranger whom he met to hold his horse a moment, while he stopped by the wayside, for which he gave a reasonable excuse. The pursuers found the horse in the stranger's possession, who had no means to prove his innocence, and he was convicted. He related another case where a man was missing and two men were accused of his murder, arrested, tried and convicted of murder in the second degree—and yet they were the wrong men, the person supposed to have been murdered having subsequently re-appeared. These he regarded as stronger cases of circumstantial evidence than even the one they are now trying. For although the prisoners have been traced to that house, and back to the city, no mortal creature knows what transpired there between the hours of 11 and 1 o'clock. There is a possibility—he would not say a probability—that this horrible crime may not have been committed by these men; and there is a possibility that even these clothes may not be Garber's. The community was in a fever of excitement over the details of the outrage; the newspapers had hurled it forth with furious zeal, all over the land, that these men were the guilty parties; they had been tried and convicted in advance in the public mind; and under such

circumstance witnesses *may* become so much excited as to be even mistaken in the identity of persons and things He would not say this was so in this case, but he wished the jury, in an issue involving the life of a human being, to act cautiously upon a mere circumstantial presumption of guilt Mr. Harris then went on to define murder, showing that there *must* be premeditation to constitute the crime of murder in the first degree. There might not have been *premeditation* in this case. By way of illustration, suppose said he, that these men had gone there without any specific *intention* to take life, and while there a fracas was raised between the parties, and in the heat of blood the prisoners killed the women; this would not be murder——

[Mr. Harris was here interrupted by a startling volley of hisses and groans, from the spectators, which cut his sentence short off—the excited crowd misapprehending his meaning, and taking this disgraceful means of expressing their feeling against the prisoner. The Court rebuked the disorder, and ordered any one repeating it to be brought before the Court, when they would at once be sent to prison. Mr. Harris then continued]——

——*in the first degree.* He repeated, that knocking down the women in such a fracas would only be murder in the second degree, the premeditation, deliberation, and *intention*, necessary to constitute murder of the first degree, in law, being wanting. He concluded by stating that he was not a volunteer in this case, but was performing his sworn duty as assigned by the Court, and that he would do this fearlessly, without regard to what the papers might say or what an excited populace might think or express.

SUMMING UP FOR THE COMMONWEALTH.

Mr. Dickey summed up for the Commonwealth, in a brief but clear and powerful speech, referring to the painful duty of prosecuting cases where the penalty following conviction is death; but painful as this duty may be to himself, to the court and the jury, it is none the less their solemn duty to make a true deliverance between the prisoner at the bar and the Commonwealth, without regard to whether the law be right or wrong, or whether the people are for or against it. The jury have nothing to do with the consequences; that rests with the court who will pass sentence, and the Governor who will sign the death warrant. He then briefly and clearly reviewed the testimony, showing the complete connection of all the links in the chain of circumstances which pointed to the guilt of the prisoner at the bar. He showed that such wounds could not have been inflicted in a squabble in self-defence; the blow on the crown of the head must have been struck, as one of the witnesses stated, *from behind.* It was just such a crime as must have been done in cold blood It did not require a long time for that deliberation which is the element in murder of the first degree. The human mind acts with the quickness of thought itself—the electric flash cannot be compared to it—the foul intention may be conceived in a minute, a moment, a point of time; there could be no doubt they designed to do the deed, and here [holding up the bag of money] is the *motive* for the double crime

The prisoners were traced to within eight paces of Garber's door, then back to the "spook house," avoiding entering the city by a public thoroughfare; the goods found in their possession are identified; these old shoes [Richards'] found under the cupboard, with this blotch of blood on the heel [shown to the jury] and these [also shown] which Mrs Garber wore to market on the feet of the prisoner's companion, which had taken the place of his own; could the jury have any doubt of his guilt with such evidence? They told Mrs. Delong this money was hard earned! Yes, it was hard earned; well might this man say so, for it was earned with the price of his life and the peril of his immortal soul. He concluded by saying it was no pleasure for the Commonwealth to take the lives of her citizens, black or white; but when such fiendish crimes were perpetrated in open day, the laws must be vindicated and society protected.

CHARGE OF THE COURT.

Judge Hayes, in his charge to the jury, alluded to the grave importance of the case, the solemn duty before them, and the enormity of the circumstances attending the murder of two innocent women, one of the most bloody and atrocious in

the annals of crime It was perpetrated in broad day—in the midst of a quiet and peaceable community, and upon two helpless and aged women, deprived at the time, of all protection. He differed with Mr. Harris who advanced the idea that a majority of the people of Pennsylvania were opposed to capital punishment; the continued existence of the law on the statute book disproves it; but with that the jury had nothing to do: no matter what the community may think, the law must be executed.

His Honor referred to the position of Mr. Harris, counsel for the prisoner, and said he was entitled to much credit for the faithful manner in which he had discharged the duty assigned him by the court. It would have been a scandal to have allowed these men to go to trial for their lives without counsel, they not having the means of preparing for a defense. The counsel in this case had not volunteered their services, but merely acted at the request of the court, who felt it to be their duty to assign counsel. The Judge then laid down the law and reviewed the testimony.

THE VERDICT.

The jury retired a few minutes before six o'clock on Thursday evening, and after an absence of about ten minutes returned with a verdict finding the prisoner "*guilty of murder in the first degree.*" At the rendition of the verdict we could not observe that the prisoner evinced much emotion He preserved the same immobility of feature that characterized him throughout the day. But twice during the progress of the trial did we observe anything like emotion: once when Mr. Garber, the husband of the murdered woman, tremblingly took from his neck the one half of a cravat and compared it with the half found in the possession of the prisoner; and again, when Judge Hayes in his charge, alluded to the fiendish malignity which prompted the cutting of the victim's throat from ear to ear, when she had already received mortal wounds. Upon both these occasions, his countenance was expressive of remorse, and tears stood in his eyes. He soon, however, assumed his wonted look and relapsed into the same stolid indifference; indicating, that he was either a man totally devoid of feeling or possessed of nerves like iron. After the rendition of the verdict the court was adjourned and the immense throng of people who had been in attendance during the whole day, quietly took their departure. So great had been the excitement, and so large the crowd in attendance upon the trial, that at one time the janitor was freely offered fifty cents a head for admission into the court room!

TRIAL AND CONDEMNATION OF RICHARDS.

On Friday morning Henry Richards, or as he is sometimes called, Henry Richardson, was also formally arraigned for the murder of Mrs. Anna Garber, to which he plead not guilty and placed himself upon his country for trial. Greater difficulty was experienced in procuring a jury in this case than in the former one. Out of the regular panel but two jurors were chosen. The sheriff was then requested to issue a special venire for forty-eight, returnable forthwith. Out of this number nine jurors were taken, leaving yet one to be supplied. Another venire for twelve was issued, returned, and the first man called, impaneled. The jury as selected then stood as follows: Henry Martin, Rapho; Aaron H. Summy, Marrietta; Lewis Haldy, H. E Slaymaker Thomas W. Mayhew, Benjamin Liecty, Jacob Auxer, William Ihling, Barnes Broom, Edward Wiley, John Rock and Phil p T Sheaff, all of this city.

Mr. Dickey opened the case on behalf of the Commonwealth by reading the indictment, and giving, in detail, the material portions of the testimony he should offer to sustain it. Here, as in the former case, he alluded to the enormity of the crime and the duty of jurors to vindicate the outraged laws. He had no feeling in the matter, but as an officer of the Commonwealth, sworn to discharge his duty faithfully and impartially, he must press the crime home to the guilty parties.

The demeanor of Richards during the trial was in striking contrast with that of Anderson. He seemed to pay marked attention to all the details of the trial and frequently prompted his counsel. In the selection of the jury he manifested considerable tact—upon one occasion insisting on "no challenge" when his counsel, or rather one of them (Mr. Harris,) wanted to "challenge." He appeared to have a partiality for his fellow townsmen, as in most of instances he selected persons from the city, with whom he was acquainted. During the whole trial we observed no symptoms of regret or remorse, or even the least indication that he fully realized the position he was in. From first, to last, he seemed to have an impression that he would be acquitted; and several times during the progress of the solemn proceedings which were about to consign him to the gallows, he laughed quite heartily at amusing passes between counsel.

THE TESTIMONY.

The evidence produced on the part of the commonwealth against Richards was precisely the same as that against Anderson, with the exception of the following:

Several witnesses testified that when Anderson and Richards were passing along the road toward Garber's, the latter carried a club, one of them swearing that it was a hickory club about three feet long. He also stated that he saw the same club in Garber's kitchen the evening of the day the murder had been committed. [The club found at Garber's was here produced and the witness said it was to the best of his knowledge and belief the same that he saw in the hands of Richards.]

Mr. Longenecker, another witness, added to his testimony in the other case, that when he saw Richards in prison the day of the murder, he denied having passed him that day on the Litiz pike, saying that he had not been in that direction for several weeks, and that he (Longenecker) was a d—d liar for saying so. He also stated to him that the blood on his shirt and clothing got on while killing a turkey.

Mr. Kauffman also stated that when the prisoner and Anderson were at his house on the morning of the murder, the latter asked whether he could not give him a job at cleaning his chimneys. He told him no, that they were butchering that day and it did not suit them to have the fires put out. They then asked for something to eat and his daughter said that she had no meat cooked, but that she could give them some bread. She did so, and while they were eating Richards looked at his companion and laughed, which led his daughter to remark that she did not think they were hungry or they would not laugh at the bread. Shortly after they got the bread, they crossed a field and went in a straight line to Conrad Garber's house which was only 300 yards distant. The witness testified—as in the other case—that he saw them enter Garber's stable yard and pass around to the door of the house; that they staid so long in the house that he concluded they had got a job; so certain was he of this that he called to his sons who were playing in the yard to look and they would see the sweep "coming out of the chimney." The sweep, however, not making his appearance, he went to his work, thinking no more about the matter until the alarm was raised that Mrs. Garber and Mrs. Ream had been murdered.

Another circumstance, and one which connected the prisoner with the horrid murders beyond the possibility of a doubt, was the fact that, when arrested he had upon his feet a pair of shoes which were positively sworn to as belonging to Mrs. Garber—shoes which the witness designated as her market shoes. In addition to this was another circumstance of a yet more convincing character. In the kitchen, under the dresser, was a pair of rough brogans, belonging to no member of Mr. Garber's family, and which must have been left there by some person connected with the murders. Right above the heel on one of these shoes was blood, making a complete semi circle; and on one of the legs of a pair of pantaloons taken from the person of Richards when he was arrested, and corresponding precisely with that on the shoe, was another semi circle of blood—both when brought together, (that is, placing the leg of the pantaloons over the shoe) describing a complete circle of blood.

The Commonwealth having rested their case, Mr. Harris, for the defense, stated that they would call a few witnesses and that he hoped they would be able to show that the prisoner was of a weak and imbecile mind. Indeed, he had been told,

that a *lady* who was intimately acquainted with him was ready to come forward and swear that he was crazy. He also saw Jacob B Amwake, Esq., in the court room, of whom, although not regularly subpœnaed, he would like to "question a few questions in regard to the mentality of the prisoner."

Mr. Amwake testified that he had known Richards from a boy, he having lived in Mr. A's family from the time he was six years old until he was fifteen. The prisoner knows the difference between right and wrong, but has that peculiar cast of mind which is easily persuaded and led into anything; he was not one of those who could calculate the consequences of an act. ⋈ Henry was rational enough; witness knows his state of mind as well as that of his own children; could not say he was simple minded; can only say he was easily led; when six or seven years old he would butt his head against the wall: his father said this was in consequence of Henry being *a seven month child;* he did not do this because he was a simpleton, but on account of some disease in his head; he got over it as he grew up. At times he was very violent; at one time he wanted to kill his own father, who had much trouble with him after he left the house of witness; he was a bad boy afterwards; I once defended him for larceny, and he was sentenced to two years; had him pardoned out, but it seems it didn't do him much good

In reply to the District Attorney the witness stated that, when Richards was excited he was a dangerous character, and that upon one occasion, within his knowledge, he was near killing his own father

Margaret Butler—by no means a sharp witness—said she had known Richards seven years (except when he was in jail;) he was very simple at times; often thought he wasn't quite right; thought he hadn't much sense. On cross examination this witness said she didn't know whether he had mind enough to know whether it was wrong to dash out a woman's brains and cut her throat; but the witness herself was not, apparently, very competent to pass upon the insanity of others.

THE DEFENSE.

Mr Harris then proceeded to argue the case to the jury and set up a most extraordinary defense, giving to the jury Richard's own statement to his counsel of the history of the murder, which was substantially this: He and Anderson went to Garber's house and asked for sweeping; being denied, they then asked for food, and the women gave them bread and buttermilk; Richards then started to go away, but when some distance off he found Anderson was not coming, and went back; he met him in front of the house, when Anderson said he had done something was not right. Richards said, "in the name of God what is that?" Anderson then said, if you promise to be a true partner I will tell. He did tell, and Richards was about to shout "murder," when Anderson caught him by the throat and tore his shirt and bloodied it in the manner you see it [shirt held up] and threatened to murder him too if he did not promise to say nothing about it. Anderson then made him take off his shoes and put the others on [Mr. Dickey—How did the blood get on the old one?] Mr. Harris—Richards says Anderson took the shoe in and dabbed it in the blood. He said that this afternoon [Mr. Dickey—he never attempted to explain that before; he only found it out since the trial commenced.] On their way home Anderson forced the $1.50 of money upon Richards which was found in his possession when arrested. [This line of defense was received by the bar with considerable merriment, and by the audience with evident marks of uneasiness, and Mr. Harris went on to argue, that Richards was more probably innocent than Anderson, whose victim he believed him to be.]

Mr. Pyfer, addressing the Court, said that when he was assigned as counsel in this case, he felt it to be his duty to do all in his power for the unfortunate prisoners. He felt that he had done so—in the selection of a jury and in the examination of witnesses—and he was perfectly satisfied to leave the case with the Court. He was fully satisfied that he had discharged his duty to the best of his ability, and that he could not be censured for not making a speech to the jury.

CLOSING OF THE CASE.

Mr. Dickey, on closing the case, said he did not think it necessary to make a long speech. The evidence in this case, if possible, was still more conclusive than in the case of Anderson. He said that the remarks of Mr. Harris were

altogether out of order, and his offer to the jury of statements made by the prisoner to him, unprecedented in a court of justice. He, however, did not think it worth while to call him to order, and therefore let him manage the case as he thought proper. He contended and showed that this was a much stronger and clearer case than the other; the spots of blood, one-half on the prisoner's pants and the other half on the shoes left in the house where the deed was committed, was an inevitable circumstance of guilt. The whole story, so far from indicating Richards to be of unsound mind, shows him to be a cunning nigger, concocting stories to put all the guilt upon his equal partner in crime. It was in testimony this afternoon, that the prisoners said at the "spook house" that the money was to be equally divided between them, and Richards was seen with a butcher knife in his pocket and a parasol in his bosom, which was taken from a drawer in the house where the murder was committed. Mr. Dickey then traced the murderers from Lancaster to Garber's and back, connecting every link of the testimony which so clearly pointed to their guilt.

Judge Hayes charged the jury at considerable length, defining the crime of murder and reviewing the testimony which had been adduced in the case. In his opinion the plea of insanity, set up by the prisoner's counsel, had signally failed. Indeed, the principal witness called for the defence, testified that he was of sane mind and knew perfectly well the difference between right and wrong. So, also, the position taken by the prisoner's counsel, that the offense, if any had been committed, was murder in the second degree. If the jury find that the prisoner is guilty of the crime as charged in the indictment, then he is guilty of murder in the first degree.

THE VERDICT.

The jury retired at about 6 o'clock, and twenty-five minutes after returned with a verdict of guilty in manner and form as indicted. The jury (at the request of the prisoner's counsel) being polled, each juror as his name was called arose in his place, and pronounced Henry Richards, the prisoner at the bar, guilty of murder in the first degree.

During the polling of the jury the prisoner manifested the same *sang froid* demeanor which characterized him throughout the trial. He manifested the same interest in the close as he did at the commencement of the trial, and was, apparently, as little affected when the last juror pronounced him guilty, as he was when he plead not guilty to the indictment.

SENTENCE OF THE CONVICTED AND THEIR STATEMENTS TO THE COURT.

The Court having concluded to sentence the prisoners immediately, they were brought within the bar and told to stand up. Judge Hayes then told Richards that he had been convicted of murder in the first degree, and asked him if he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him. Richards with great energy and a self-satisfied air spoke substantially as follows:

MR. JUDGE AND GENTLEMEN, I will tell you the truth and the whole truth, so help me God. On Monday the 14th of December, I was at the house of Alexander Anderson, in Lebanon. In the morning of that day he asked me to go along with him into the country for company. I refused to go at first, but his wife said I should go and I then went. At fi t his wife did not want us to go, but Alec was determined and then his wife told me to go along. I asked him what particular business he had that day to leave home. He said it was none of my business but to go along. We reached Binkley's [near Neffsville] pretty late at night. Alec went to the old log house and knocked at the doer; a man looked out of the window and asked what we wanted. Alec said we wanted something to eat. He answered it was too late then to get us any thing. He then asked whether we might sleep in the barn, and he said yes if we behaved ourselves. We then went to the pump and got a drink, and after that went to the barn. I laid down. Alec got up several times through the night and walked about. I told him to lie down, for said I, what will the man think if he hears you, "being as he was so kind as to leave us sleep here." Says he, damn the man—you mind your own business and I will mind mine. In the morning we went to the house and they gave us our breakfast; after we were done eating they gave us apples and we went away. From there we went along the road, Alec asking for chimneys to sweep, and I for work. He got one chimney to sweep for which he got a levy. When we got to Roseville he bought some whisky; he drank nearly all of

it, and then gave me the bottle to carry. From here we started over to the old Manheim road; we stopped at Kauffman's where they gave us some bread. The reason I laughed at Kauffman's was because Alec said something in Dutch about "Bratwurst." From there we went to Garber's and went in the house. Two women were there to whom we bid the time of day and asked for something to eat. Alec spoke in Dutch to Mrs. Garber; she said she recollected him, but did not know me. She said she had no meat cooked but would give us bread and butter: she brought us some and then asked us if we liked butter-milk and brought us some. Mrs. Garber then commenced talking to Alec about sweeping the chimneys and I left and went over towards another house to get something to eat. Alec not coming I looked back but could see nothing of him. I then went to Garber's and met him at the door of the house with a butcher knife between his teeth. I asked him in the name of God what he had been doing. He said that he had killed the women and wanted me to help him drag them in the other room. I wanted to cry murder and asked him how he could do it when they treated us so kind. He then said he would kill me if I did not help him or if I ever told on him. I was about to cry "murder;" he said d—n you and any other s—n of a b—h that comes with me and don't help me; I will murder you too if you tell on me. I said I had no malice against the women, and would tell. He then caught me by the throat and dragged me in the room when I fell on my knees; he had grabbed me with his bloody hand and that is the way the blood got on my shirt. When he had me down he threatened to kill me if I ever would say anything. He said d—n these old Dutch farmers they have plenty of money and if they wont give any of it to the poor we must take it. Any how, d—n their dutch hearts I have finished two of their old b——s and have got their money. The shoes left there I got in Lebanon; Alec took them off my feet and put Mrs. Garber's on. He offered me half the money not to tell. So help me God, gentlemen, this is the whole truth. I am a poor "innocent soul to put to death for something I never done."

The miserable wretch having concluded his rambling and notoriously false statement, Judge Hayes said that he had stated nothing that could at all invalidate the testimony given against him, and upon which a jury of his own selecting had pronounced him guilty, and that, therefore, all that remained for the Court was to pronounce sentence. He then said—

"Henry Richards, for the offence of which you have been convicted, the sentence of the Court is, that you be taken hence to the Lancaster County Prison, whence you came, and from there to the place of execution, there to be hanged by the neck until you are dead—this sentence to be carried into effect within the yard or prison walls, agreeably to the Act of Assembly passed April 10, 1844."

SENTENCE OF ANDERSON.

Anderson being called up, Judge Hayes asked him if he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed. The prisoner with a voice husky with emotion and downcast eyes, replied in substance as follows:

JUDGE, I plead innocent before the Mayor and will plead so now. I had been acquainted with Mrs. Garber and went there with Henry (meaning Richards,) on that Tuesday morning. After she gave us something to eat, she said Alec you have been drinking, you had better go out and lie down. I then went out and lay down at the hog pen. After awhile Henry came to me and handed me a bag of money to carry for him, and we started off. On the road he handed me other things, and as he did not ask me for them again I kept them. The reason why I went to Deiang's was, that I wanted to rent a room. I had lived there before. As God is my judge, gentlemen, I am innocent of the murder of these poor women. The witnesses were mistaken, there was no blood on my cap, and it should have been brought to the jury; there was blood on my woman but it got there by my nose bleeding. I am innocent, judge, but being as sentence of death is passed I am willing to go and suffer—to give up the ghost and lie in my grave. [Here the prisoner was greatly affected and shed tears.]

Judge Hayes then remarked that as in the previous case, there was nothing to weigh with the Court against the judgment of the jury, and proceeded formally to sentence the condemned to death, using the same form and language as in the case of Richards. The condemned were then removed by the Sheriff, and taken back to prison.

REFERENCE TO THE TRAGEDY BY THE GRAND JURY.

The grand jury (J. B. Tshudy, Foreman,) in making their report in the Court on the morning after the trial was concluded, made the following reference to the recent tragedy and the excitement which pervaded the community:

The crime of murder, although of seldom occurrence, in this County, is not the less deeply to be deplored, when it does occur even at long intervals. From the testimony ad-

duced, the criminal deed of which the defendants are charged, is characterized by atrociousness which has not its parallel on the criminal calendar of this county. It is reputable to the administration of justice in Lancaster County that, *that* sun, which on the morning of the fatal day, had dawned upon the innocent and unsuspecting victims, to lead them on and accompany them in their daily avocations, did not set, before, by the hands of ruthless assassins, they were rendered lifeless, with apparently every drop of blood taken from their mangled bodies; so the *same sun*, which had dawned on the miserable perpetrators of the diabolic deed, innocent *then* of *this* crime at least, did neither set before justice had so far overtaken them as to be arrested and secured within the walls of the prison to await their trial. The intense feeling of an outraged community, aroused by this tragic deed, had at one time risen to such a degree, that it was to be feared the prevailing desire and evinced determination to take the punishment of the offenders out of the hands of the law, into their own, would be carried into execution. Fortunately for the reputation of society in this county, such measures were not carried out, and while some are willing to believe that the want of a favorable opportunity alone prevented the carrying out of the design, we are fully disposed to ascribe the result to the preponderance of a sober second thought of the law-loving and law-abiding citizens of the county.

PREPARATIONS TO COMMIT SUICIDE.

On the evening of Anderson's conviction, after the prisoner had been placed in his cell for the night, he requested a light, and Mr. Locher, the keeper, suspecting there was something wrong, directed the watchman, Mr. Eby, to furnish him with a candle, but to watch him closely. When he took the light up to his cell, Anderson said he wished to speak with him, and went on to say that he was very much troubled in mind, having intended to take his own life. Mr. Eby asked him if he believed in a future state? Anderson replied that he did. Mr. Eby then remarked that if he took his own life he would jeopardize his soul and be lost hereafter, and that it would be much better for him to wait and see what the law would finally do with him. Anderson, after some further advice of the same nature, became more composed in mind, and promising he would not take his own life, prepared to go to bed. As he turned into his prison cot, he took two ropes out of a slit in the bed bag of his bed, and handed them to Mr. Eby, saying that he had prepared them to hang himself with, but that he should now take them. These ropes were very ingeniously made, and strong too, from carpet chain which the prisoner had pulled out of a piece of old carpet which had been used as an under cover for his bed in cold weather. One was about half an inch thick, and over a yard long, made of two strands closely platted together. The other was made in the same way, but only about half as thick and a half yard long. It was supposed he made the small one first but fearing it might not bear his weight, he went to work upon the longer one. Anderson expressed a fear that the Jurors might hear of this matter, and requested Mr Eby to say nothing about it until after his sentence.

DEPRAVITY OF HUMAN NATURE.

Some sad illustrations of the depravity of human nature were given during the trial of Anderson. Although the miserable man about to be sent to the gallows, was brought to his fearful doom through his stealing propensities, it would appear that this fearful example before them was entirely lost upon certain members of the "light-fingered gentry," who took advantage of the crowd to exercise their skill in picking pockets. Miss Garber, the daughter of one of the murdered women, had her pocket picked of a port-monnaie and five dollars, while returning from the witness stand to her seat in the witness box, a distance of only a few paces. Mr. A. G. Helfenstein was also relieved of his port-monnaie, containing a small sum of money, and some valuable papers, while standing within six feet of the judges! This picking of pockets under the very shadow of the Bench from which justice is dispensed is, to say the least very disrespectful to the Court!

READING OF THE DEATH-WARRANTS.

Sheriff Rowe having, on Monday the 8th of February, received from Gov. Packer the death-warrants of Anderson and Richards, proceeded to the Prison about 10 o'clock to read the same to the unfortunate men. In company with the keeper of the prison, H. C. Locher, ex-Sheriff Martin, Luther Richards, and the Editor of *The Express*, Sheriff Rowe first proceeded to Anderson's cell, at the door of which was

noticed a contribution box, labelled, "*I will thank you for your mites for my poor wife and two children.*" In this box there were a number of small pieces of coin which had been dropped in by those who visited his cell. This box was prepared at his own request and was under his immediate control, being within the outer cell door. Upon entering the cell, the party found Anderson sitting on his stool, near the door and in front of a small writing stand, securely ironed with the same irons which were worn by the condemned Sheaffer in the old prison. These irons secure both feet, and cause great difficulty to the wearer in moving about, the two staples which encircle the ankles being connected with a strong sliding bar, secured with set-screws at the end. The Sheriff, after those present had removed their hats, produced the warrant, and directing Anderson's attention to its import, proceeded to read in a firm and distinct tone as follows:

PENNSYLVANIA SS:

WM. F. PACKER. SEAL. In the name and by the authority of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, WM. F. PACKER, Governor of the said Commonwealth, to BENJAMIN F. ROWN, Esq., High Sheriff of the county of Lancaster, sends greeting:

WHEREAS, at a court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery held in and for the County of Lancaster, in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, at January Sessions, Anno Domini one thousand eight hundred and fifty-eight, a certain ALEXANDER ANDERSON was indicted for the crime of murder; and at the same Sessions, viz: on the twenty-first day of January, A. D. one thousand eight hundred and fifty-eight, was found "GUILTY OF MURDER IN THE FIRST DEGREE," and on the said twenty-first day of January, A. D. one thousand eight hundred and fifty-eight, at the same Sessions, the aforsaid Alexander Anderson was sentenced by the said Court "to be taken hence to the Lancaster "County Prison from which you came, and thence to the place of Execution, and there to "be *hanged* by your neck until you are dead"—

NOW, THEREFORE, this is to authorize and require you the said BENJAMIN F. ROWN, High Sheriff of the county of Lancaster aforesaid, to cause the sentence of the said Court to be executed upon the said ALEXANDER ANDERSON *between the hours of ten o'clock in the forenoon and three o'clock in the afternoon of Friday, the Ninth day of April,* Anno Domini one thousand eight hundred and fifty-eight, in the manner directed by the act of the General Assembly of this Commonwealth, approved the tenth day of April, Anno Domini one thousand eight hundred and thirty-four, entitled "an act to abolish Public Executions;" and for so doing this shall be your sufficient warrant.

Given under my hand and the Great Seal of the State at Harrisburg, this Sixth day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty eight, and of the Commonwealth the eighty-second.

BY THE GOVERNOR,

WM. M. HIESTER,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

The condemned man listened to the end of the reading, without betraying any outward signs of emotion, though it was evident that he was deeply sensible of his awful position. When the Sheriff concluded, Anderson remarked, in a somewhat husky voice, "*I am prepared for death.*" In reply to a remark from Ex-Sheriff Martin, to the effect that his days were now numbered, Anderson again said, "*Well gentlemen, I will be prepared to die.*" The party then silently left his cell for that of Richards on the opposite side of the corridor.

Richards was standing up in his cell, hoppled by one foot, and greeted the party as they enter d with his usual good-humored smirk, somewhere between a smile and a laugh, which did not leave his countenance until the Sheriff had reached that part of the warrant fixing the day and hour of his execution, when he began to look more serious, and perhaps for the first time actually began to realize that there was a certainty of his hanging. The warrant for his execution was in the same words as that of Anderson, (except the name) and when the reading was finish d he remarked, in a somewhat faltering tone, "*I hope I will be prepared.*" When aske d if he remembered from hearing the paper read, what day he was to be executed, he said in April, but did not remember the day. It was repeated, and the prisoners were left alone with their own reflections.

THE LAW REGULATING EXECUTIONS.

After the publication of the death-warrants a new subject of excitement was sprung upon the community. The morbid curiosity to see Anderson and Richards hung burst forth in various directions. Some went so far as to say openly that

the perpetrators of so great an outrage ought to be hung in public; and petitions were actually put in circulation praying for a special suspension of the law regulating executions, for this particular occasion. Luckily, however, for the interests of public morality, this movement was soon frowned down. A class, however, remained, who still insisted that "the Sheriff ought to hang the murderers so high above the jail walls that those outside could see them!" an evasion of the law which Sheriff Rowe, of course, would not in any event countenance in the least.

The act abolishing public executions was passed on the 10th of April, 1834, and is as follows:

SEC. 1. Whenever hereafter any person shall be condemned to suffer death by hanging for any crime of which he or she shall have been convicted, the said punishment shall be inflicted on him or her within the walls or yard of the jail of the county in which he or she shall have been convicted; and it shall be the duty of the sheriff or coroner of the said county to attend and be present at such execution, to which he shall invite the presence of a physician, attorney-general or deputy attorney-general of the county and twelve reputable citizens, who shall be selected by the sheriff; and the said sheriff shall, at the request of the criminal, permit such ministers of the gospel, not exceeding two, as he or she may name, and any of his or her immediate relatives, to attend and be present at such execution, together with such officers of the prison and such of the sheriff's deputies as the said sheriff or coroner in his discretion may think it expedient to have present, and it shall be only permitted to the persons above designated to witness the said execution: *Provided*, That no person under age shall be permitted on any account to witness the same.

SEC. 2. After the execution, the said sheriff or coroner shall make oath or affirmation in writing, that he proceeded to execute the said criminal within the walls or yard aforesaid, at the time designated by the death-warrant of the governor, and the same shall be filed in the office of the clerk of the court of oyer and terminer of the aforesaid county, and a copy thereof published in two or more newspapers, one at least of which shall be printed in the county where the execution took place

All who feel an interest in the cause of public morality have abundant reason to rejoice in the passage of the above act; and may the day never come when legislation will yield to the clamor of corrupt public taste or a morbid curiosity, by consenting to its repeal or countenancing its loose administration even in a single instance.

ANDERSON WRITING HIS CONFESSION.

On the 8th of February, the same day the death-warrants were read to the Prisoners, Anderson commenced writing his Life and Confession. The idea of having it published for the benefit of his wife and children seems to have occurred to him before his trial, and he refused all offers made from outside parties to purchase the manuscript. He requested Henry C. Locher, the keeper of the Prison, to secure the services of a competent compiler and publisher, which led to the arrangements under which this publication now appears before the public. He wrote at various times, from the 8th of February until the 27th of March, such matters as he could recall to mind—all of which, with the exception of a single small paragraph indirectly involving innocent parties in an unpleasant relation to one of his licentious intrigues, and several pages of repetition of his professions of repentance and religious declarations, is printed in the following pages, as nearly in the order of their occurrence as it was possible to arrange them.

The subject-matter of what Anderson wrote, has been copied almost verbatim. He wrote a passable hand, for a man of his condition, but his knowledge of orthography was so imperfect, that to have followed his *spelling* would have made the Confession, in many points, almost unintelligible. The compiler was obliged frequently to cross-question him to ascertain the meaning of passages rendered obscure from this cause.

It may be of interest to many to add that the hymn with which the Confession closes, was written down by Anderson himself, from *memory*, he having committed it from a printed slip furnished by Rev. Mr. Appleton in one of his early visits to the condemned. As his time drew near, he frequently repeated the words, with apparent earnestness and humility of feeling; and he was very particular in requesting that this hymn should not be omitted in the publication. The reader will see how appropriate it was to his wretched condition.

Of the truth and sincerity of the Confession, there can be no doubt; and his desire to tell *all* may be regarded as an evidence of his final repentance.

LIFE AND CONFESSION

OF

ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

I WAS born in the city of Lancaster on the 16th of December, 1820, and am therefore turned of 37 years of age. I was about four years old when my father died. Soon after his death, my mother took me down to Mr. McConky's, where my brother had served his time at, about two miles from Mt. Eden (then) in Bart twp. My mother died on the night of the same day she took me down to McConky's; and soon after she was buried, I was taken to the Lancaster County Poor House. After I had been there a short time, Mr. Withers took me down to the Mt. Eden Furnace, where my sister lived, and I stayed there until they took me back to the Poor House again.

I remained in the Poor House but a short time, when Mr. Christian Diffenbach the tanner, living on the Strasburg road, took me away to live with him. I was not there long until he found out that I was a bad boy. He was a distiller, and I began to steal—*stole whiskey*—got drunk—and he took me back to the Poor House. *I was only about six years old then.* Mr. Diffenbach took me back to the Poor House, and there I remained until Isaac Gilmore, a colored man, took me out, and put me at his own business, which was sweeping chimneys. He lived in Lancaster city, and I went out with him through the country, helping him to sweep chimneys.

During the time I was with Gilmore, in traveling round the country, I was continually learning to steal and growing in other bad habits. One time, when we were in Marietta, I robbed a little girl of a sum of money. I was then a little boy myself, and as I was not found out, it made me bold to steal wherever I could get the chance. It would be impossible for me to remember half these things now which took place when I was but a boy. I was then taking the little steps in the path which, when I got older, were fast leading me to the gallows! May others take warning of my fate and beware of the first little crimes which lead the young astray!

I was with Gilmore about fourteen years, but during that time he treated me so badly that my brother (who is since dead) once made an attempt to take me away, and Isaac did not know how to prevent him from doing so. But he determined to keep me by some means, and soon invented a plan. He went to Frederick Cooper, and stated to him that my brother had said to him that he would set fire to Mr. Cooper's stables, and that this could be proven by me. Mr. Cooper then had my brother arrested and put in jail. I was then about fifteen years old. When the trial came on, Gilmore made me swear that I had heard my brother say he would set fire to Mr. Cooper's stables. I did swear as he wanted me to do, but my brother got clear and I still continued to live with Gilmore as before, and my brother did not again interfere to take me away.

One day Isaac sent me out to the woods to get a load of wood. The woods were on the other side of Mowrey's Green Tree tavern, on the Litiz turnpike, and while I was out there Mrs. Duchman came along in a carriage, when I asked her to give me a penny. She said she had none. I then took up a clod of dirt and threwed it against the carriage. She did not stop, but went on home, and sent a police officer, Thomas Wiley, after me, who arrested me and took me to jail. That was the first time I was in prison. It was in the old jail, and Peter Reed was then sheriff. I think I was in about two months, until the next Mayor's Court, when I was taken from the jail to the old Court House, before Judge Ross, who said if I would leave town he would let me go free. I told him I would leave. So he told me I should go right away. I was discharged and went to Columbia the same day. There I got employment on a canal boat, with Amos Chesson, who lived at Newton Hamilton, in Mifflin county. I was with him about four months. This was my first experience in the boating business, but I afterwards followed it a good deal at different times, stealing along the canal wherever I had the chance without being found out. A great many boatmen steal. In passing along the canal they will lay hold of a turkey or a chicken, and anything good to eat, for they like a good dinner sometimes, and don't think much about it. They will steal harness, ropes, and such things, too. Sometimes the hands will steal from each other, and from the captain. One time when our boat got to Philadelphia, I robbed the captain of his money, and he didn't find me out. But after I stole the money I ran off and came on to Lancaster.

After I left off boating I lived in Lancaster and got into the dry goods line of business, and I did pretty well at it. I made a practice of going to the farm houses on Sunday, and robbing them of different things, when the family were out. I also stole what I could get hold of in the city. —— ——, who lived in —— street, bought all the things I brought to her, which were composed of bed clothing, men and women's clothing, and other dry good articles, besides chickens, turkies, wool, and other things. For these she paid me in all over $100—and neither she nor I were found out. I stole a great deal in that way, from the farm houses, which was never found out, and I will not stop now to name the persons and places. This woman had ——, ——, —— and others, in her employ beside me. We didn't give her the things we stole, but had a plan with her to put them in a pile of brush in her yard at night and she got up early in the morning to see what was there, and took it into the house. Then we would go at some other time and get our pay from her. In this way she got her living very cheap and we lived without working very hard for it.

In my travels through the country, I happened to get to Benj. Bear's, who lived near Rohrerstown. I entered his house through the window, and got to plundering, as usual. I got a good many things there, among others a roundabout which I gave to my cousin, George Anderson, who is now dead. On the next Sunday we were both arrested by constable Hughes, at William Gorrecht's tavern in Water-st., and put in jail. That was on the 26th of June, 1842, and on the 8th of August of the same year, I was tried and found guilty, and the judge gave me six months. I was put in the old jail, and while there John Ehler got to be sheriff. I staid there till my time was up, except about seven weeks, when I run off. They had put me to tending the horses down at the stable, and running of errands, and when out one day I run off and went down in the neighborhood of Conowingo Furnace, where I staid some time, working and stealing

by turns. I then came up to Willow Street, and was in that neighborhood for some time, until I stole a coat and a pair of boots from Michael Steers, for which I was arrested, found guilty and sent to jail for four months.

After I got out of prison again I went at my old business, traveling round and stealing and drinking. I also had learned to gamble and did a good deal at it in a small way, generally playing with bad women and low characters for small stakes. But I will not stop to tell all the little things I did about this time, but hasten on to my next move, which ended in me changing my residence again. In traveling round through the upper part of Lancaster county, I came to a house —I cannot tell the exact place or the man's name—where I stole a watch and some other things, and made off with them. Before I had gone far the watch was missed and as I had been seen in the neighborhood they suspicioned me. They started after me on horseback, but I saw them coming over a hill on the road, and thinking they were after me I struck across the fields and woods to the Susquehanna river and swam across to a small island where I hid myself. They lost track of me, and went back again, when I crossed over to Little York, where I sold the watch and got to making my home with some colored folks whose name I cannot think of now.

While in York, I went to the house of a man named Emanuel Harman, living in the country, and there I stole a pocket book with a little money in it. From that I went on home again (to York,) and was not found out. Soon after I went out again in the country, to a log house near the Railroad, (I forget the man's name,) and there I stole a pair of trowsers, a jacket, a razor, a striped shirt, and one dollar in money; but the larceny was found out and the next morning I was arrested and taken to prison, where I staid until the next court, when I was found guilty and sent to the State's Prison at Cherry Hill for one year. When in the York Prison they put the irons on me, and in the Penitentiary I was a little troublesome, and would talk out of the window with the prisoners in the other cells. They often "chalked" my door, and the Keeper one day threatened to put me in the "black hole" (dungeon,) after which I was a little more careful and obedient.

I was discharged from the Eastern Penitentiary on the (date not remembered,) and reached Lancaster on the next Sunday. I staid that night with Sam King, and on Monday went on to Columbia, and from that to Marietta, where I fell in with Diana Anderson, Isaac Anderson's wife. Isaac was in the Penitentiary then, and I thought I would take care of his wife in his absence. I took her to Mount Joy where I rented a house from James M'Carran, an Irishman. After being there a while Diana and me had a quarrel, and I left and went to Middletown.

As I was passing Joseph Gingerich's house one day, I saw the window of a bed room open, and I slipped in through the window, and took several things, but the women spied me and gave the alarm before I could get away with the things. I out of the window as quick as possible, and ran into a cornfield, with Gingerich and his son after me. I gave the two-legged hounds a pretty hard race around the cornfield for over half an hour, and had them pretty well fagged out, when another man came to their help. I could have got away from the other two, but the new man was fresh and I was out of wind; so he soon tripped me up, and they took me before a Squire, who sent me to jail for trial. I was tried and sentenced to two years in the Dauphin County Prison.

Capt. Watson was keeper of the Prison at Harrisburg, and it was while I was there that he shot John Gibbs, one of the prisoners. Of all the things I ever saw in jail that fight was the most frightful. Gibbs was a big strong yellow man, a most desperate villain, and had been in the penitentiary ten years, giving a good deal of trouble there. He had not been out long when he was put in the Harrisburg jail for plundering. He had told them he wouldn't stay there alive, and not long before Watson shot him he tried to bleed himself to death by opening the veins in his arms with a piece of glass, and he would have done it but the watchman found it out, and they tied up the holes and fastened his arms down to keep him from tearing them open again. Gibbs had also got nearly out by making ropes of his bed clothes and climbing up to the sky light, but just as he was about to raise the trap window it fell down crash, and he tumbled on the bricks, hurting himself some. when he was found out and locked up and punished. The morning he was shot, the keeper came in and relieved the watch, and locked the big iron-grated door and put the key in his pocket. He then went round and opened the outside doors of all the cells as usual, to air them, and fastened them a little open with the chain lock. Gibbs had taken the staple out of the heating pipe, made it straight and put a bobbin on one end for a handle; the other end he made sharp on the wall or floor. With this he worked the bolt back and just as the keeper passed he jumped out and seized him. Then there was a desperate struggle. Capt. Watson drew his revolver, but Gibbs tried to get it, and stabbed at him with the dagger, but it only went through his clothes. They tusseled for life and death along the corridor, and I could see it all by holding my piece of looking glass partly out of my cell door. Watson's wife and children could see it all through the big grated door, but no body could get in, for he had the key in his pocket, and they were a goin on dreadful, expecting ever minute to see Gibbs kill him with the dagger. At last Gibbs threw him down and Watson reached round with the revolver to shoot him in the back, but was in danger of shooting himself too, and Gibbs tried to get hold of the pistol. Then Watson made a desperate jerk, and kind of turned him over and fired in Gibbs' side, which made him jump up and run into an open cell, but as Watson run after him, he turned on him again, and Watson fired twice and shot him through the heart. All this terrible struggle could be seen by the people at the front gate, and by all the prisoners who had looking glasses, but none could get to help Watson. They would have took Watson's part, for he was kind to them and they liked him. Gibbs was a much bigger and stronger man than Watson.

When I got out of the Harrisburg jail, which was in 1844, I fell in with a young girl by the name of —— —. ———, and I lived with her. She took sick and I attended to her for about two months—and nursed her, going out once in a while to make a raise. One night I went to a farm house near Harrisburg, and stole a turkey for Christmas, and was not found out.

One night Richard Clark, a colored man, and myself, got on a spree, and the next morning we started to go to Pottsville. When we got out about two miles on the Jonestown road, I came in contact with a man on the road, knocked him down, and robbed him. He had a leather valise which was locked, but I didn't stop to see if the fellow had the key in his pocket. I took out my knife, and as I ripped the valise open I said "*Lock upon leather makes my knife laugh!*" While I was getting the plunder Richard was tending to the man. I got a gold watch and some other things. An account book and a check, which they afterwards said was valu-

able, I hid in an old hollow stump, but never told them where to find it. I could n't read writing then and did n't think it safe to carry such things about me. We then made off, and the man got up and went back to a house which was not far from the place where we had attacked him, and told the people that he had been knocked down and robbed on the highway. They then turned out and followed us; we were overtaken and caught and taken back to the Dauphin County Prison. I was convicted for highway robbery and sentenced to four years again in the same Prison; Clark was also put in for the same time. This was in 1847.

But I forgot to say that at Harrisburg and around, I went by the name of *Alexander Mosely*; and some say Mosely is my right name and not Anderson. As both my father and mother died when I was so very young, I am not sure which is right. But since I left Harrisburg I have always called myself Alexander Anderson, and am generally known by that name.

I got out of prison the last time at Harrisburg in the spring or summer of 1851. Counting in the time I was waiting for trial both times, I have been in the Dauphin County Prison about six years and nine months. After serving out my last term there I worked for David Hinkle and John Kline, at the Lunatic Asylum, two miles from Harrisburg. I worked for them about three weeks. Then I got in with ——— ———, and she wanted me to marry her. I did n't care about doing so, and she declared if I did n't she would sue me for a breach of marriage promise. I got a little frightened, and to get out of the scrape, I gave her leg bail, and went to Middletown again. There I staid at Joseph Baltimore's, a colored man who kept a profane house, and some white girls. I got to working for Gen M'Carran, on the canal, and worked for him five days, and then quit because my boss would not pay me. I still staid at Baltimore's and went out at nights stealing chickens and turkeys, which I sold.

One night I went to a farm house and stole a turkey. The house dog began to bark about the time I had the bird secure in the bag, and I off down the road to a haystack as hard as I could, where I lay down, hiding myself and the turkey as well as I could. Presently here comes the man with his big dog. The dog had his nose down to the ground scenting my tracks, and came right up to where I was lying, closely followed by the man who had jumped out of bed without taking time to put on his duds, and he cut an odd figure with his bare poles and night canvass fluttering in the night wind. The farmer asked me what I wanted at his place so late at night? I told him I was a stranger and had no money to pay for my lodging at the tavern; that I had walked from Marietta, and being tired, I went to the barn to lay down, when the dog made such a noise that I was afraid, and came to lay down at the stack. He said I should go into the house. I went in with him and he took me up stairs to bed: but I did n't stay there in bed very long but got up, and came down stairs and found him and his son sitting up with a gun. The man asked me why I did n't stay in bed? I told him I wanted to go out. He said I had no business out, that I should stay there, and if I attempted to go away he would shoot me. I then staid there till daylight, and he never suspected me of stealing his turkey. In the morning he took me before the Squire's, but as he could n't testify to anything for which a warrant could issue, the Squire let me go; I went home to Joe. Baltimore's, where I was informed the Squire wanted a man to saw wood. He had about three days sawing, and I took the job. The following night I made an assault on a man near the Aqueduct Bridge and robbed him. He was taken to the shanty on the Canal where he worked, and the police

officer had a notion to take me right away, but the Squire told him that he could not get anybody to saw his wood, and that he should not say anything to me until I had finished the job. He did n't say anything to me, but I suspected his movements and got to hear what was up when I went home to dinner. I lost no time in making my escape. I took to my heels as fast as I could use them, and they did n't catch me.

I went down to Mount Joy and carried the hod for Edw. Stehman. I worked for him about two weeks, and then traveled about with John Sanders sweeping chimneys. The same fall I husked corn for Mr. Lindemuth, on the Marietta pike. From there I went down to the Welsh Mountain and staid there about two weeks, loafing around, sweeping chimneys, stealing chickens and drinking whisky. This was the same year I got out of the Harrisburg prison the last time (1851.)

That winter I came back to Lancaster and boarded with Bill Butler in Prince st. Bill then moved to Spring Garden, into the house belonging to John Cormeny, where —— —— lived. I then got to boarding with her, and at last became boss of the house and kept her for my wife. I lived with her until I got married. At that time I was carrying the hod for Wm. Kendrick, at the new Court House: I also carried it for Billy Buchanan.

While living with —— —— I had a good many scrapes. Being out of money one day I went out the Harrisburg pike to the toll gate and stole a fine turkey which I sold to the woman in ——— st. That was as late as August, 1852.

* * * * * * * * *

I once lived at Lemon Place about two weeks, when I stole a pocket book containing a little money: but I did n't get off my booty. They took me up but they did n't put me in prison—all they did to me was to hold me and put the wagon whip on my back, and that they did right freely, and then let me go.

When I was living in Cormeny's house, Mose Morris, a relation of Kitty Woods, wanted to make his home with us, and I allowed him. But when he got tight he was so noisy that the neighbors complained of the house. So one night I undertook to make him keep quiet, when he attacked me in the dark with a club. In the scuffle I drew my dirk knife and stabbed him three times in the arm, and he run. They wanted Mose to sue me, but he was afraid.

One day I was up at Showers' hotel, in North Queen-st., where I got in with the ostler. He had $9 hid in the feed chest in the stable, tied up in a bag. He took it out and shook it at me in a taunting way. I did n't like to be bantered with money when I had none, and so when the ostler went out, I slipped the money in my pocket, and went out and asked him to take a drink. I treated him to whiskey and oysters, *on his own money*, several times, and he never found me out or suspected me.

A few days before the World's Fair I made another raise on the Reading road. It was on a Sunday, and I broke into a house and stole $19 and several other articles. I was pretty near getting into another jail scrape when I lived in Cormeny's house. I borrowed a gun from Geo. Parks, under a false pretense, and sold it to a storekeeper in Spring Garden. Parks sued me, but Mr. Kendrick went my bail, and Parks agreed to make it up and the thing was settled by me paying $8, but Parks only got one dollar. He said the Alderman kept the rest!

After the World's Fair, I worked for Jacob Gusley at the new Catholic Church, where the two men were killed by falling from the scaffold. About two weeks after that I fell from the ladder and got my ankle out of place, and that leg is not right

sound yet. I was then still living with ——— ———, and lay that whole winter with my strained ankle. In April I rented a house from Dr. Carpenter in Factory Row, and having got well I traveled through the country engaged in my regular business of stealing. Before I moved, Henry Young and myself went to McGrann's, on the New Holland turnpike, above the toll gate, and we stole two bushels of wheat. In the same month Henry Young and myself went down to Landis', on the railroad, and I went to the barn and stole chickens. We were not found out. Mose Morris, Benj Watson and myself also went down to Lemon Place, opened the granary there, and stole two bushels of wheat, and came on that night to the Stone Meeting House on the turnpike. There I put the bag of wheat into a pile of rails, and we went home. The next morning I went down to the rail pile, got the wheat and took it to the mill and traded it off for flour, which I took home for use. This was not found out.

On the 3d of June, 1853, I married my present wife, Sarah Ann Margaret Aaron, and having left ——— ———, I rented a house from John Miller in the lower Factory Row. During that summer and fall I worked at carrying the hod when I could get work, and put in the rest of the time in stealing and drinking whisky. While I lived in Factory Row, I passed a $2 counterfeit note on a German storekeeper corner of Factory alley and Middle-st. He said if I did not take it back he would have me arrested. I had but one dollar in good money, which I gave him, but he wouldn't give me the note back, which I wanted to take to the person I got it of. We had words about it in the store, and while he turned to tend on a customer, I got at his money drawer and took more than was coming to me. I would have got a good deal more, if I hadn't heard some one coming in. I told him he might keep the note if he thought he had a better right to it than me! My daughter, Mary Ann Anderson, was born about the last of July in that year. In the winter I worked sometimes in the country.

On the 11th of January (1854) E——— J——— sued me for fornication and bastardy, before Squire Evans, who sent me to jail for trial: but when my trial was to come on she did not appear and I was discharged by the Court. I then rented a room from John Butler in Lime-st., and left town and went over to Reading. On my way I came up with an Irishman—and he asked me where I was going? I told him I was going to Reading, and he said he was going there too, when I replied that we would be company for each other. After traveling together about a mile, we came to a store, where I went in and got a pint of whiskey, on which I made him pretty drunk. We got to Reading about ten o'clock, and we laid down under an apple tree. I lay pretending to be asleep, and when I was sure he was asleep I got to feeling his pockets, and the first thing I got my hand on was his pocket book containing two gold dollars, and about one dollar in silver, and having made this unexpected "raise" I made my way out of town to the four mile tavern, where I got my breakfast, and went back to Reading. There I happened to meet the Irishman and heard him telling that he was robbed, but he didn't know me.

When I came back from Reading my wife was living at the Lock on the Conestoga. I went and staid there and got to be Lock-tender, and was doing very well, but still I followed my regular business of stealing. Charley Nauman had some very fine Muscovy Ducks, and I stole six of them, and was never found out.

In September of that year I went out the Manheim road, and not very far from Lancaster, I met a traveler. It was dark, and I robbed him of his carpet

bag, umbrella, watch and several other things. This was a pretty bold thing, to be done so near town, but I was never found out, and didn't even hear anything said about the robbery.

On the second of October I got in a scrape with —— ——, or —— —— as she called herself, and got in jail over night. She had came down to the lock and kicked up a muss, calling me ugly names till I couldn't stand it no longer, and I picked up a fishing rod and whipped her off. She went and sued me at Van Camp's, for assault and battery, and he sent me to jail [for a further hearing] but the next day I was discharged. In November I borrowed a pistol from William Anderson, under a false pretense, and sold it to Charles Yellitts of Safe Harbor for 50 cents, but I got that settled without going to law about it.

While I lived at the Lock I stole a great many things, which was never found out. I stole from Mr. Kryder, who lives a short distance from the creek. Benj. Carter lived with me, and he and Bill Thomas went to Kryder's and stole chickens and brought them to the Lock-house to me, and we lived well on them. That was not found out. That same winter I worked for —— ——, the lumber merchant, and he gave me a $2 Middletown note, on Christmas day, which all the tavern keepers refused, saying it was a counterfeit. I would go into one tavern after another, get a drink and offer the note, but it was refused, and I got the liquor free. In this way I got drunk very soon that day, and it didn't cost me anything either.

When I went home and got sobered off, my wife said she wanted some sugar, and I goes up town again, and buys a pound of sugar at Mr. Hubley's grocery store, for which I gave him the $2 note and he gave me change. While there I picked up a new basket belonging to the store, put my sugar in it, and took it home. I guess the note was good after all, but they never found out who stole the basket. That winter one of Jacob Huber's boats loaded with lumber for the York County bridge, was lying below the lock, froze up. Mr. Huber had given me charge of the boat to keep the water bailed out, and I went down every morning to look after it. There were two barrels of whiskey in the boat, and as I was very fond of a dram, I thought it wouldn't be much harm to take a little of the whiskey, such cold weather. So I tapped one of the barrels and helped myself, and fared very well on the whiskey every day, until the first barrel was empty, when I begun on the second. One morning I goes down to the boat, as usual, and as it had snowed a little the night before I saw tracks about the boat and up the side of the hill. When I got in the boat I saw one of the trunks open and some clothes lying out. I looked at the clothes, and seeing they were good, I helped myself to a great many things; but I did not get the watch which they said in the court house had been taken. If there was a watch it must have been taken by the one who had opened the trunk and gone up the hill. When the robbery of the boat was discovered, I was suspicioned and a warrant taken out at Mayor Kieffer's. Constable Gundaker arrested me, and took me to the Mayor's office, who sent me to jail for trial, on two charges. I was tried at the January Court in 1855, found guilty and sent out here again for one year and four months.

I behaved pretty well when in prison, but it was because I hadn't much chance to misbehave. Still it seemed as if the devil would n't let me be honest, not even when I had no whiskey. When I was in Prison the first time in the new Prison, it was in the winter and Jacob Folts was keeper. I don't mind the year, but Mr.

Foltz went out and Mr. Locher took possession of the prison: and in the Summer before I got out I was put to weaving cloth and I stole three yards to make a pair of pants. I would not have took it, but —— ———, one of the prisoners told me to get him a pair of pants of that striped cloth and I done so, and when I told him I had the cloth cut off, he said he wouldn't have it; and then I didn't know what to do with it. I put it in my bed, and there it was found by one of the keepers who asked me what I had the cloth in my bed for? I was taken by surprise, and didn't know what to say at first: but at last I said I cut it off to put it in my bed because I laid so hard and there was no straw of any account in the bed. The keeper took it off and I heard no more about it till I came out, when I saw —— ——— the person, and asked him if he told the keeper about the cloth. He said he didn't, and he appeared to be in a great anger about it and said he would go that day and see the keeper about it. but I heard no more about the cloth.

I came out of prison on a Sunday, in May 1856, and the first place I went, was to —— ———'s, who kept a house down town, where I got into another scrape and had to leave. M——— ———, who had been maid at the Prison, was there, having left the Prison a little before me. Another of ——'s girls was in Prison, and I went down there to tell —— to send up a dress she wanted. M——— got drunk and insisted I should marry her, (she was a white woman!) right or wrong but I refused to have anything to do with her. In consequence of her determination, together with the effects of liquor, the party became very noisy, and hearing somebody trying to force the door, I looked through the key hole and saw what I took to be a police officer. Fearing I would again be arrested on some other charge, I made my escape out of the back window, and left the city as soon as I could get away.

I went to Philadelphia, where I got on a boat, and went up to Reading. I had scarcely got to Reading, before I got employment from John Hill, and next went down to old Chester to help to unload the coal boats for him. I went from there with him up to Schuylkill Haven. We got there on the last day of August, but I had the dysentery and rheumatism so bad that I was not able to do any work. I sent a boy to a Squire's, and he got writings for me to go to the Poor House, where I went. I staid there nine weeks, when Mr. Taylor, steward of the Lancaster County Poor House sent for me (as I belonged to this county) and the Stewart gave me three dollars, and put me on the cars for Reading. There I took the stage for Lancaster. That night I staid at Ben Roberts', in Middle-st., where my wife was living. The next day I went to the Lancaster Hospital, where I staid until the following spring of 1857. I then took my wife and child and went to the "Spook House," on the Conestoga, near the Railroad Bridge, where I had rented two rooms. I worked two days in town and found I could not get sufficient work to maintain my family, so I made up my mind to go to Lebanon. I took Henry Richards with me, and had to pay his fare in the stage, which he paid me back again after he got work up at Lebanon.

In Lebanon I got into work with Daniel Fress and James Flechter & Co., but I had a good deal of trouble to get a place to board. I at last got a place, but at supper the man said he could not board me because I was a colored man. That night I had to go to the Dudley Furnace, where I lay on a plank that night. The next morning I went to my boss and told him I could not work until I got a place to board. He said I should go to work, and at dinner time I should follow them

I did so, and went to the house of Jesse Dickison, and there I boarded until I came down to Lancaster and took my family up to Lebanon. This was in June, 1857. I then rented a room from a colored man named David Henry, and lived there until I got a house from Mr. Wolf, to which I moved my wife and child. At that time I was working for my living, carrying the hod. But when I lived at Henry's I got Dave and Andy to go out and steal chickens for me. They went to Joe Uhler's and stole all his shanghais. They were suspected and when Joe came to enquire about it, Dave and Andy run off but I stood my ground. He asked me where I got the chickins and I told him Dave and Andy brought them to me, and told me they got them where they worked. Joe said no more to me, but went to a lawyer's, and sent a police officer after them; but he did n't catch Dave and Andy, and I eat the chickens. Sometimes I went out myself and stole chickens, and fared well, because everything was so dear, and I thought I had better try to get along a little cheap. But I began to find that would n't do and I commenced buying meat and potatoes, and tried to leave stealing alone, but I had carried it on so long and to such an extent that I could n't quit it, and now it appears I have come to the end of my rope. The words of my dear wife now ring in my ears when it is too late; but it is my own fault that I must suffer, for I have had warning enough!

On the 13th of December, 1857, Henry Richards and myself went to a farm house near Lebanon, at night, to steal chickens, and while we were in the stable the man came home and we stood inside of the door. The man stood close to us, but he did n't see us, and then we went home without chickens. This was the night before we started out on our last trip, which ended in bringing us here to suffer death.

But before I tell you all about that last terrible journey, I want to say some other things I forgot as I went along. I have made a practice of keeping a woman, besides my wife, for about *five years*. Her name is ——— ———. I kept this woman, unbeknown to my wife: but when I lived at the lock I used to come into town at night and my wife suspicioned me. One night she tracked me to ———— ———, and came in while I was sitting there. Bad as I was I had a respect for her and kind of feared her. I drew my cap over my face, changed my voice, and slipped out the back way and came round front, when she was standing at the door. I asked her what *she* was doing at such a place, but she wanted to know what I had been doing in there, and she took me home with her and plead with me to leave off my bad doings.

While in Lebanon I received a letter from an old soldier, like myself. He, like a brother would do, sent a letter to me and told me *the price of grain*—that *wheat* was $2.90 a bushel—and where we could buy us corn. We went and got some and retailed it out to anybody we could. I burnt the letter and he stated that he was glad I had got in so good a business; that he was engaged in the business and he was going through with it.*

I have had considerable to do with women, but I never married any but the one. One time I attacked a girl up at Elizabethtown, but she made such an outcry, that I had to let her go. The people came running and saw me, but I made my

* This paragraph Anderson explained to us to refer to buying and passing *counterfeit money*, those engaged in it using such terms as the "price of grain" &c., when writing about the currency they deal in—so that if the letter falls into the hands of a third party

escape and got out of their reach. On another occasion I robbed a boy at Middletown of money to give to a girl I was then in with.

I have been following this business for some time, and though I thought I done very well at it, my race is now nearly run and I must be hung at last! I feel that my sentence is just, and I didn't expect to get clear from the first. I have traveled a great deal through the country in my life time, and never done any good. I was continually stealing and drinking whisky, and gambling. I feel the fruit of these things now, and I am sorry I have lived to see this day. Oh! my God! look down on me in thy mercy and save my soul, for I have confessed my sins to thee, and thou art God, and beside thee there is none else. Have mercy on me, oh, God! according to thy loving kindness: according to the multitude of thy tender mercies do away my sins!

CONFESSION OF THE MURDER.

Henry Richards and myself left my house in Lebanon on Monday the 14th day of December last. We left home in the morning. My wife said nothing to me in particular that morning, as has been reported. She had often begged me to stop my drinking and stealing, for she feared it would bring me to the gallows. She did not know the business Henry and myself was going on that morning, but supposed we were going to hunt work, which was our pretense as we had our Sweep's dress and tools with us. But our real intention was to rob and plunder, though we did not expect to murder. I took the hatchet with me from home, for the purpose of breaking open chests, trunks, or other things that had money or goods in. I carried it in my belt where the chimney scraper is usually carried. I stole this hatchet at the building of Samuel Riser's house in Lebanon that same month. He was hunting it and asked me about it, and I told him a lie—that I did not see it. But I confess I stole it. I took it because he promised to give me a half dollar, but he did 'nt do it. So I stole the hatchet—the same hatchet the murder was committed with. Henry had a pistol with him, which he had stolen from his brother in Lancaster. It was loaded when we started, and was the same one they had in the court house on our trial.

We came on to Speedville Forge, and there we got our dinner. The next place we stopped was at the Mill, where we got a piece to eat. Then we came on to a house where there was no person at home. Henry then said, "Let us break in and steal what we can:" but I said that wouldn't do while the tavern was close. He then said, "let us go on," and we went on to the cross roads on the other side of Litiz. We entered Litiz on the east corner and came to the turnpike, along which we made our way to the place called Fiddler's Green. Before we got there we stopped in the woods until after dark, as it was our intention to plunder at the old log house that night. As soon as it was dark we came on to the old log house on this side of Fiddler's Green, (Neffsville) and Henry and myself had concluded to rob them, but the people were traveling to the Green to see a show that was there that night, and we thought it would not be safe to make the attempt. We then went to the barn and got to drinking pretty freely. At last we laid down in the barn and slept there that night.

We knew two or three old bachelors (the Binkleys) lived alone in this old log house, and Henry supposed they had money in the house. He seemed to know more about them than I did, but we had agreed on the way to rob them, and was only prevented by the stir of the people going to and from the "show" at Neffs-

ville. As we had been drinking hard, there is no knowing what the consequences might have been if the show hadn't been there that night!

In the morning we went to the house, and I told the man my feet were cold. He told me we should go into the house and warm ourselves. We did so, and they gave us our breakfast. From there we went to the next house across the field, where I got a chimney to sweep for a levy and something to eat. From there we went to Landis' tavern (on the Reading road,) and I asked him to sell me a pint of whisky. He refused, and said he would n't sell a pint even to his own neighbors. We then went to to the Black Horse tavern, and got our bottle filled, after which we turned from the Reading Road and went back to the Litiz turnpike, which we crossed and went to the Manheim road. Going out that road I saw the two men in the stone quarry who witnessed against us in Court. Passing them, we stopped in a house where they were butchering. Then we went on a little further, stopped in a house, and asked for work. The man said he had no work. We then went on to the black-smith's shop and asked for work there. He told me he had no work for us, and we went on down the the Manheim road to the next house and again asked for work, but still did not get any. The kind of work we asked for at all these places was chimney sweeping.

The next house we came to, a little further on, was Isaac Kauffman's. We saw him and asked him for his chimneys to sweep He told us he did not want them cleaned. We then asked him for something to eat, as it was getting near dinner time, and one of the women gave us some bread. I asked, in German, for "liver worst" (pudding) which made Henry laugh. They said they had no meat, and we left and went across the fields to where the Garbers lived. We didn't know there was money at Garber's, but we had intended to rob at one of them three houses (Grube's, Kauffman's and Garber's) before we got there, but we saw no chance at the first and second, because the men were about.

When we got to Garber's house, I went in first and Henry followed me close after. Mrs. Garber and Mrs. Ream were in the kitchen. [see diagram on page 7, room marked No. 1.] I had been in that neighborhood before, sweeping chimneys, and they may have known us but I did not know them by name. Mrs. Garber had been churning and had got the butter worked up in lumps ready for market the next morning. It was laid out on a board on a kind of a box in the next room: (4) think it was a wood box. Mrs. Garber was going about her work in the kitchen and Mrs. Ream was sitting there. When we went in I asked Mrs. Garber if she didn't want her chimney swept. She said she did not, and I thought she spoke a little cross or sharp. I was in liquor at the time, and felt it working in my head. We had drunk all of the pint we got at the Black Horse tavern but a short time before. I then asked for something to eat, and Mrs. Garber gave us bread and applebutter, and asked us if we liked buttermilk; we said yes, and she went and got us some of that. We sat down and eat our "piece," and Mrs. Garber still went on about her work. When we were done eating we got up and started away. After we got outside of the door, we began to feel dry, but we had no more whiskey and no money to buy any. Henry said we must have some whiskey. I says, "let us go back, and I will ask her for a levy." So we turned back and went into the house again to get a levy to buy a pint of whiskey.

When we went into the house the second time we met Mrs. Garber in the kitchen. She was coming out with a bucket of hot water in her hand, which I think she intended to take outside to a kind of wash-house to scald the churn or milk-pans.

Of that I am not sure, but I know she had a bucket of water in her hand. As we went in I met her face to face and demanded of her if she had any money. She said no. I then said she must give us a levy. She again said she had none to give me, speaking quite cross, much more so than before, and was about to go out of the front door, when I stopped her and told her, in an excited way, that she must give us some money or we must take it. This seemed to alarm Mrs. Ream, who then got up to go out; but it seems that when Henry came in after me he locked the front door and put the key in his pocket. Henry took hold of Mrs. Ream and said she must give him some money before he would let her out. She said she had none to give him, and as she said that Mrs. Garber tried once more to get past me out of the front door, but I took hold of her or pushed her back with my left hand, and drew the hatchet out of my belt with the other. And then the big struggle commenced between us. She fought desperately, and before I knew what she was about, she had jerked the hatchet out of my hand and struck me over the back of the head with it. She struck pretty hard at me, but I kept it off with my arm, and it didn't stun me. I then closed with her, wrenched the hatchet out of her hand and struck her over the head two or three times with the pole of it, but didn't knock her down. We struggled on over the kitchen a good deal, and she broke loose from me and made to run into the room where they had their money (3) but I caught her in the next room (2) just inside the door (c) and threw her on the floor. After she was down I hit her on the head with the hatchet, and told her to stay in that room, until I saw what Henry was doing with the other woman. I left Mrs Garber lying there, stunned from the last blow I gave her, and went into the kitchen. Henry had got into a struggle with Mrs. Ream, and had her down on the step of the stairs. (*e*) Just as I came out in the kitchen she had struggled up from him, and was about rather getting the better of him and he was in the act of shooting her, with the pistol presented to her breast, but I told him not to shoot as the noise might raise the neighbors. Mrs. Ream still had hold of Henry, struggling with him, when I interfered and knocked her down with the hatchet. I struck her on the head with the pole. While this was going on Mrs. Garber had came to and run into the room (3) where the chest was. I heard her making a noise in there, at the window or where the chest was behind the door, which afterwards made me suspect that the money was in there some place. I then left Henry with Mrs. Ream in the kitchen and went into the back room (3) where Mrs. Garber was; but that room was so dark I could not see her. I had about got in when she collared me and then the last hard struggle was. She fought furiously, but I got a hold of her and struck her again over the head with the back of the hatchet, and that stroke knocked her down. It was from this blow that the blood flew on and spattered the wall and ceiling, that some of the witnesses spoke of: but it was n't done with the club for we did n't use the club at all, as was said by one of the lawyers in what he read to the Judge and Jury [see indictment, page 12.] When I had knocked Mrs. Garber down, I took her by the arm and dragged her into the next room (2.) Henry could n't drag Mrs. Ream in as she was too heavy for him so I left Mrs. Garber, and went into the kitchen and helped Henry to drag Mrs Ream in the same room with Mrs. Garber, where we laid them the same as they were found after we left them, except their clothes——— * * * * * * * *

We then had to do with both of the women, before they were dead. Richards had to do with Mrs. Ream and myself with Mrs. Garber. * * * * Mrs. Garber was sensible yet, and knew what I was doing. She raised her hand and tried to push

me away, but was too far gone. I don't know whether Mrs. Ream was or not, but I suppose she was, as she wasn't dead yet when Henry cut her throat afterwards.*

We then went to ransacking the house. Henry searched the drawers and got most of the things out which were found at the "Spook House," and some we left on the hill. I got some pennies in a tin box in the cupboard. We found no other money, and I still looked round, and I said, "here is a chest, there must be some money in there," and I knocked the lid open and throwed the things out. Then I spied the money in the bottom of the chest in a cup or bowl, and took the whole of it. Henry was in the other room too, (4) and in hunting round for money, got to the clock, which he stopped, but I don't know just why he done it, or whether he didn't go to do it. I suppose he was feeling in for money when he done it. When I got the money out of the chest, I didn't want to wait for any more, but as we were agoing we heard the women groaning, and Henry says "*cut their throats*," and he went to the kitchen and got two butcher knives and a razor from the dresser. I took one of the knives and cut Mrs. Garber's throat and then handed it to Henry and he cut Mrs. Ream's throat. He wasn't satisfied with cutting her throat once, but went back and cut her the second time. He did this because she kind of groaned as we were going out, and it seemed as if the women were not all together dead yet when we left the house. Henry then put on Mrs. Garber's shoes.

I forget to tell you that the only thing I can mind of Mrs. Garber saying was when I attacked her the second time in the back room, she said, "*Oh don't—I'll give you the key!*" or something like them words. But the whiskey and the devil was in me then, and I couldn't stop to think, and I had then gone too far not to finish the business, even if I had thought of listening to what she was saying.

When we went to leave the house, and I tried the outside door it was locked and the key out. I at first didn't know what it meant, but Henry took the key out of his pocket and unlocked the door. He then told me he had locked the door and put the key in his pocket when we first went in to get a "levy" to buy a pint of whiskey. We then went out and made our way off from the house as fast as we could. We started to go to the turnpike, but Henry's pants and coat was so bloody that we did n't go far before we turned and went across a field and up through the woods; and in the woods Henry took off his pants and coat, and left them there, because they had blood on them, and I gave Henry my coat. He had three pair of pants on, and only took the upper ones off: we also left a bundle of things up on the side of the hill near Ream's house, which I told Mr. Garber since where to to find, when he was here to see me in prison.

Then we went to the turnpike, and we stopped in the woods the other side of the gate. While we were in the woods Isaac Kauffman passed in a wagon driving towards town. I think he knew or suspicioned us, for he nodded and I nodded to

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* When the compiler was reading the confession to the condemned, for the purpose of cross-questioning him, and testing the accuracy of what he had written, the scene was an impressive one. It was near eleven o'clock at night and the silence of death reigned throughout those lonely, yet alas! inhabited walls. Alone in a narrow cell with a man who had dyed his hands in the blood of innocence, under the most awful circumstances, listening to the horrid details, was calculated to make nervous people shudder! When he came to that part of the outrage where the persons of the helpless victims were violated, the poor wretch could not maintain his composure, and greatly agitated, he exclaimed, "Oh, God! hanging is too good for so vile a wretch!" We had no desire to press him for further details. It were better for the world's estimate of human nature that the revelation of the paragraph to which this is a note had never been written by the wretched criminal. Let us hope that its like may never occur in this community again.

him. He stopped and looked at us and then drove on. When we came to the Green Tree tavern I sent Henry in to Maurer's to get a pint of whiskey, and I went on to the gate and waited there till he came. I talked to the gate keeper and asked him for segars. One of the men who witnessed against us in court was there (Mr. Longenecker,) and I felt pretty sure he wanted to get somebody to arrest us, but we looked so hard he was afraid to try it himself. Our hands and my shoes were all bloody then, which they could have seen if they had looked.

We then came down to the big white house (Stambaugh's) and turned in to the lane. Henry had given me a gold ring which he found in one of the drawers in Garber's house, and I had it on my finger, but I began to think there might be a name on it. So I took it off, and sure enough, there was a name in the inside of it, and I broke the ring and threw it away along side of the fence. At the next brick house, before we got to the New Holland pike, between the pike and the big white house, we sat down in the field, along by the fence, and counted our money. We then went across to the New Holland pike, where the creek crosses near the big brick house (Tomlinson's,) but before we got over the fence we washed the blood off our hands in the run, and I washed the blood off my boots, standing on the sand in the shallow water. While I was washing the blood off my boots there was a man who had a gun standing on the little bridge on the pike, and he looked as if he wanted to arrest us, but each of us had a knife, had more than half the last pint of whiskey in us already, and if he had attempted to take us there would have been more bloody work, for then we would have resisted. When we got over the fence he went on. I told Henry then that man wanted us and that they would try to arrest us.

We went up round the barn, across the ploughed field, and struck the railroad at the "Willow Pond" culvert. I had cut my thumb at Garber's when I was cutting Mrs. G 's throat, and it was still bleeding. I took out an old handkerchief and held it up, and Henry took out his butcher knife and cut a piece off, which I tied my thumb up with, to stop the blood. This was what one of the witnesses who was working on the railroad swore about in court.

We went on down to the big bridge, and from that over to Delong's. What took place there was told right by the witnesses, except that I gave Mary Delong two dollars and her boy a half dollar * * * * * I left $3.50 there in all. The time I was down from Lebanon I had staid there over night and had not paid them anything before.

We left the things at the Spock House, intending to go into town to Bolenius' store and buy us new clothes, and then go back to the Cottage that night, get the things, and strike for the mountain. That was the reason we hid the knives in the fence along the Groffstown road, intending to get them as we went back. Before we hid the knives, I found the blood had soaked through the pants Henry had taken off, and that the ones he had on yet was bloody. So I takes out my knife and cuts a blood spot out of the upper pair, but the blood had gone through to the under ones and still showed.

When we found the boys and police was after us, Henry was scared, and wanted to run, but I told him he shouldn't run. I knew we would be arrested, but somehow I didn't seem to care, but I suppose it was well they didn't try to take us before we put away the butcher knives, for the devil would have tempted us to use them if we could. The witness who swore to seeing blood on my cap in the Mayor's office was mistaken, for there wasn't any blood on it. There was blood on my

pants, but when they were searching me in the Mayor's office I kept the bloody side turned away from the light as well as I could. When the police was fetching us up to jail, we were a good deal scared, for fear they might mob us, and that is the reason I didn't want to go down the next Saturday for another examining.

These are the particulars of the murder, as near as I can remember them, for I was so much in liquor and excited at the time, that there is many things I may have forgotten, but I have told you and written nothing in this but what is true, the words of a dying man who has confessed and rep nted but too late for hope in this world.

The reason I did not tell the truth in the Court House, even to my lawyer, or the judge, was because I knew there were some anxious to get it to publish; but as I knew I must die, I wanted it published for the benefit of my poor wife and children. I told Henry not to tell how the murder was done for the same reason. There was several who wanted to get my confession, and offered to pay me for it, but I refused them all, and they would have liked very much if I had told all about it when the Judge sentenced us, but I kept the truth to myself, for this purpose, which is the last I can do for my poor wife, who I so much wronged, and our poor little children.

REFLECTIONS OF THE CONDEMNED IN PRISON.

On the 20th day of December I determined to put an end to my miserable life and made a rope to hang myself with. But it happened that God sent his servant* to preach the Gospel of mercy to the poor prisoner, and his words took root in my heart and I feared to die in all my guilt and face an angry God. So after the jury found me guilty I gave the rope to the watchman and I concluded to trust in the Lord for mercy. I then took my Bible and read and found great relief, for I was assured the Lord would hear my cries for mercy, although I had sinned so great against him; but I confessed all my sins to God, and I feel that God will forgive me of all my sins and bring me— even a poor wicked wretched sinner like me—to the kingdom of heaven—and this I beg for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake.

I once before attempted to kill myself when in prison, before, by *self-abuse;* but I found it did n't affect me much although I continued the practice until my time was up.† I had a wonderful strong constitution, and what would have killed others did n't have much effect upon me, as it has upon other prisoners.

I am a man that never made a practice of going to the house of God. I delighted in sin, but O how I grieve now because of my sins! I pray day and night to the living God that I may obtain forgiveness for my sins and meet death with joy and not with grief. I ask pardon of all the people I have wronged, every-

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*Rev. Theo: A. Hopkins. This refers to that gentleman's first sermon in the prison, where there had been no preaching for some months previously. At that time Mr. H. had had no communication with either Anderson or Richards, and, of course, was not aware of the feelings and purposes of Anderson. He did not visit them in their cells until after their condemnation.

†The disgusting practice to which Anderson here refers, prevails to a great extent among prisoners, and produces the most sad and disastrous results. Prison Keepers bear uniform testimony to this, and there is nothing in their official experience which gives them more trouble and solicitude. Nor is the practice confined to prisoners alone. It pervades all classes of society, and spreads imbecility and disease in its desolating track. Let those who may read these pages—especially the young—beware of the secret practice of self-abuse. Before they are aware of the approach of danger, they may find themselves victims to a hopeless disease of mind and body!

where; and I know that the Lord will pardon me because I have confessed my sins to him and believe with faith in Jesus Christ, the only begotten son of God. Oh, I pray God that all who read this Life and Confession will give up drinking whisky, because *now you see the fruits of whisky!* If I had n't followed the practice of drinking whisky I would never have been in prison—I would not now be on my way to the gallows! But I now see my end, and feel the pain of all my labors under the burden of sin. But, in the short time I have to live, I will try to labor for the kingdom of heaven—to obtain that mercy which God has promised to all them that come to him through Jesus Christ, confessing and wailing their sins. Oh! I see my sins that I have committed against a glorious God—yes, that God who liveth so high above the earth; but he sees me and knows my heart—that God will pardon me from all my sins and I will find mercy at last! Have mercy upon me, oh, God, a miserable sinner! Wretch that I am, save my soul alive, for I see my sins and the burden of them is greater than I can bear up under!

FEBRUARY 15. My poor wife and children, and my mother-in-law, was here to see me, to-day. My daughter, Mary Ann Anderson, was born on the last of July, 1853. My son, Aaron Alexander Anderson, was born on the 25th day of December, 1857. Farewell wife! and farewell children! If I never see you again in this world, I hope to see you in the world to come. Oh! when I look back over my past life it makes my heart ache to think how dreadful I have sinned against the living God, who is my life and my strength, and who invited me to come to the waters of life and take freely, that my soul need never thirst again; but my heart was so hard that I refused to hear the welcome voice of him that is my God and my Saviour, till now I am brought down to the footstool of mercy. Oh, my God! have mercy upon me, a sinner, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

I forgive all my enemies, and God bless them! And oh! may God visit the hearts of them, and when they come to die, oh God, receive their souls in the kingdom of heaven, where they will live forever, in the world to come!

Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast
And these rejoicing eyes!
* * * * * *
My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns the dreadful sentence just:
Look down, oh Lord! with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die!

Have mercy, oh my God, my Saviour! and the Lord Jesus Christ. Make me to feel that my sins are forgiven me and cause my sad soul to rejoice in thee! that when my body is laid in the grave my soul will arise and be with Jesus, the Lamb of God that takest away the sins of the world. This I pray in his name. I forgive all my enemies freely, and pray for them, that God will also forgive them, and bring them to their happy home at the last day.

MARCH 16. I feel very much inclined to write a few lines for my confession to-day. I hope you, the Court, will not think that I think they have been too cruel to me, for I deserved to suffer for my bad conduct: and I hope the people will forgive me for all that I have done. I am heartily sorry for all my crimes. My heart is now changed.—O! I implore you that read this Confession to believe that I am sorry. Oh! but my sins do rush in on my mind, and I have hard work

to keep them down: but by the grace and mercy of God I hope to leave this world in peace and to love all men. I hold no malice against any one; I love everybody, and I hope everybody will forgive me for my sins. There is a great many I offended, and I can't get to see them to make restitution with them, but I hope when they get this Confession that they will freely forgive me for all that I have done to them. I pray they will forgive me, for I acknowledge that I have done wrong, and I pray to God to forgive me. This I beg in the name and for the sake of Jesus Christ. Amen.

O! what a joyful thing that was that Mr. Hopkins, the minister, came that Sunday to preach the gospel in the Prison. He saved my life, and so far I feel that God will fulfil his promise that he promised, to my soul. Oh, what a blessing it was. Then I had the rope all ready to hang myself with! Oh, when I think it makes me shudder, to think of the place where I was about to send my soul with all its guilt upon my head—into hell—into torment and misery—forever and ever! Oh! how thankful I am to-day that a messenger was sent to the Prison to call me back! Oh, how wicked [or weighty] I felt the guilt in my breast! And oh, how I thank God this day that my heart was affected and turned. From that day I turned into the path that leads to mercy and everlasting life. Oh, I pray that God will bless his servant for the good he has done for me, and I will pray for him to my last. I do give most humble and hearty thanks to the people for their kindness since my sentence. They have been very kind in contributing their mites. The kind people have given me $28 * to support my wife and children, for which I did ask charity. Don't think you won't be paid, for God will reward you with the blessing of heaven, and all those who believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and do serve him with all their heart, and with all their soul, and with all their strength, and walk holy before him all the days of their life. Well, I am now trying to do so, and by the help of God I will endeavor to walk manfully in the way that God requires me to go in, for I feel that I deserve to undergo the punishment that awaits me, and by the help of God I will face death with faith in Jesus Christ, my Saviour and my God. Oh it will soon be that I will rest, to be troubled no more in this vain world of sin and sorrow.

I feel that I ought to write this down in my confession, that the Trustees would not accept of my letter that I sent to them asking them to receive my body. Oh what would they think if God would refuse them! * * * * O, I did beg, as a dying man, and they did refuse to receive my body in the graveyard. Oh, they ought to remember me, a dying man; although I have been so wicked, I pray you forgive me, and forget all that I have done. I beg you in the name of Jesus Christ, my Saviour, to forgive me, a dying man. Oh, I ask this of you, my dear friends! Oh, remember me a dying man! O, I have returned to God with faith, and I repent of my sins with a true heart and a steadfast faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, believing in him, that he is able and willing to forgive me my sins. Oh! then remember me a dying man. While I was living at the Old Jail I tended the horses, and ran off, and I feel that I have done wrong, for he was good to me and by me running off I feel that I have done wrong, and I implore his forgiveness. O remember me! a dying man pleads the forgiveness of his fellow men. O remember me, a dying man! O remember that the day is coming when we must all stand before the tribunal bar of God to give an account for the deeds

* This sum was subsequently increased to $38.

done in the body. Then there will be no witness—no jury to bring you in guilty —but God that sits on the Throne of Judgment will judge every one according to the deeds that have been done in the body.

I think I forgot to tell you my age. I was 37 years old the next day after the crime was committed. These things that I write and have written in my Life and Confession, I wrote them with feeling from my heart, with a good conscience, and I felt that in this I was doing what was right, because I am telling just what is true. I would not wish to draw your attention to the worldly sport I have played, and the bad things I have done, but to give you a true confession of every thing that I have been guilty of. It sometimes seems hard that I must suffer so much here in Prison, with the bolts for my legs are sore now, and I must wear them till the day of my death. But, thank God! I have got patience to wait and bear them, for my soul is free from the power of the devil and his devilish angels. To the Almighty God I lift my eyes and knowest that thou hearest my prayers, because I believe thy promises. O, my God! give me thy grace, to help me and enlighten my mind, that I may see thy face and find mercy in thy sight. O! turn my face from my sins and blot out all my misdeeds, O God, that they may not rise up against me in judgment, for my soul waits upon God and I will continue the remainder of my life in the services of my God, who says to me in his Good Book: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest; take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am weak and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls, for my yoke is easy and my burden is light."

I sought for mercy and found it in the blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God. I fell at the foot of the Cross and plead with Jesus for mercy, and my cry was heard in heaven, and I felt relief before I rose up off my knees. God has spoke peace to my soul, which was sick with the awful complaint of sin; and there was none to cure the sin sick soul but he that made it—that was Jesus Christ, the Son of God. All my hope lies on him, and my prayers cease not, for I will pray my life away to be with him, who invites the poor sinner: "Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters of life, and buy wine and milk without money and without price." O my God! I come to thee as a poor wretched sinner, pleading for mercy. Oh hear my prayer and grant rest to my soul! Loose me from the bondage of Satan. O God look down upon me, a poor sinner, and do thou have mercy upon me, for I have confessed my sins and hide them not. Mercy! oh Lord, have mercy.

Fare-well to this vain world of sin and sorrow! I bid you all adieu. And if I no more see you I pray to my Lord to see you in the kingdom of heaven; and this I beg for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen. Our Father who art in Heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth, as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread: And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil, For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, forever and ever. Amen.

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee—
O Lamb of God I come!

Just as I am, and waiting not,
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God I come!

Just as I am, though tossed about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
With fears within, and foes without—
O Lamb of God I come!

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind—
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God I come!

Just as I am; thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe—
O Lamb of God I come!

Just as I am, Thy love now known,
Has broken every barrier down,
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God I come! I come!

[Signed] ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

SUPPLEMENTAL REMARKS.

On or about the first of April, Anderson's wife removed from Lebanon to Lancaster, and she and the children spent most of "Good Friday" in the cell of the condemned. On that day he wrote the following on a slip, pasted in his Prayer Book.

"I bless God for the holy teaching of this Book. Alexander Anderson. Lancaster County Prison, Good Friday, April 2, 1858."

On a slip to be left in his Bible on the day of execution, he also wrote the following:

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls For my yoke is easy and my burden is light. I bless God for the Holy teachings of this book. ALEXANDER ANDERSON."

"Lancaster County Prison, Good Friday, April 2, 1858."

Also the following on a separate slip:

"*Alexander Anderson was hung on the 9th of April*, 1858."
"*Henry Richards was hung on the 9th of April*, 1858."

On the 5th of April, Anderson sent the following letter to the writer:

"Please come up to the Prison to see me I wish you to write a piece for me, and I want to see you, and then we can consult; and if you don't want to come up to the Prison, you can compose it in your office I wish to return my thanks to the people for their kind mites They have given me a good deal of money to support my family. They have given me $38. * * * * *"

We then had an interview with the condemned in his cell. He spoke feelingly of his wife and children, who had been with him on Good Friday, and desired his thanks to be expressed to the public through the press, for their "mites," in addition to the paragraph he had furnished for his "confession" in relation to the same matter. He expressed his readiness to die, and said it was a blessed thing that he has been brought to die in this way, for since his condemnation he had come to see his sins and repented of them; whereas, if he had been killed or died suddenly, he must have been lost forever.

During this interview he stated that he forgot to say in his "Confession" that he was indebted to Mr. H. C. Locher, the keeper of the Prison, for the suggestion of

having his Confession printed for the benefit of his wife and children, who mentioned the matter to him soon after his arrest, and told him to make no promises to any one until after his trial was over and he had time to reflect upon what was best for him to do. He desired this acknowledgment to be made in his name.

HIS LETTER TO THE TRUSTEES: The letter to the Trustees of the African Church to which reference is made in the foregoing Confession, was sent to Mr. James, the Minister of the African Church, and was as follows:

TO THE FRIENDS AND TRUSTEES OF THE CHURCH: I, a dying man, take my pen in hand to inform you that I am in a good state of health, and hope these few lines may find you the same. I hope the friends will take this into consideration and permit my body to be buried in your grave-yard. I have been very wicked, and, through the blindness of intoxication, I am condemned to die a murderer, but I have wholly thrown myself upon the merits of Jesus Christ, my Saviour. I hope the brothers of the Church will not look at my crime in such a way that it will influence them not to put my body in the grave yard. I don't think that my friends are so much against me, that they will not permit my body to be buried in their burying ground. Well, my friends, if you won't permit that, I will be buried somewhere. I feel that my soul will not be refused in the presence of a Holy God; for I feel that I have been born anew in the grace of God. For I have wholly cleaved to the arm of mercy which God extends to me and to all people. O, friends, take compassion on me, a dying man. You will be paid for the ground.

O, my dear friends, take compassion. I ask you, in the name of Jesus Christ, to grant that my body may be permitted to lie in the burying ground. O, dear friends, if I have offended you so much, I pray you to forgive me, a dying man—and pray for me.

I now end my letter with trembling hands. O, my dear friends, I suppose this is my last letter: and the last time that you will read my hand-writing Oh, grant that which I ask of you; for it is a duty that our Lord Jesus Christ had bid us to perform—that we should love one another, as he loves us. But I do not forget that I have broken that commandment. And I pray that my God will forgive me all that I have done, but I implore yours towards me, a dying man.

LANCASTER, March 9, 1858. ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

The next day the Trustees held a meeting to consider the request, which they concluded not to accede to, and sent Anderson the following reply, which called forth the reflections given in his Confession:

"The Trustees met and they will not have no murderer on their grave yard. Though God has pardoned him, we cannot have his body."

THE BUTCHER KNIVES FOUND: After Anderson's conviction he told Mr. Locher, the keeper of the prison, where the knives with which the throats of their victims had been cut could be found. Search was accordingly made, and they were found at the place designated in the foregoing Confession. These knives are in the possession of James Cross, Barber and Hair Dresser, in North Queen-st., Lancaster, who has a collection of the instruments with which most of the murders and manslaughters in the county have been committed.

RICHARDS AND HIS CONFESSION.

For a long time after his conviction Richards would not confess to the murder for which he was under sentence of death. He told different stories, contradicting each other, and generally laying all the blame upon his partner in crime. He even lied to his spiritual advisers, and treated the matter lightly to all who conversed with him on the subject. Every person who visited the poor wretches were surprised, if not shocked, at the apparent indifference with which Richards deported himself, appearing as unconcerned as if he were only confined for some petty lar-

eeny and was counting the short hours which were yet to elapse before his discharge. To those who did not know the man, it really seemed as if he were determined to go to the gallows laughing. He laughed at every body, and he laughed at nothing. He was a living enigma to the good men who had taken so much pains to instruct him. At times when he appeared to be most seriously impressed with their earnest exhortations to a true repentence, he would suddenly burst into a laugh, when every body else would suppose a groan would be more appropriate. At length, however, the counsels of his spiritual advisers prevailed, and he confessed the truth. He detailed the circumstances of the murder, substantially the same as they are detailed in Anderson's confession, and unequivocally admitted his equal guilt in the matter, confirming the worst features of the tragedy From that time he began to show signs of true repentance, and consistently adhered to the truth in his statements.

The life of Richards was devoid of interesting incidents Previous to the Manheim tragedy he had been regarded as one who would steal occasionally and drink whisky habitually, but as not an unusual desperate character. He was in the Lancaster County Prison twice for larceny—the last time being in April 5, 1856. The first time he was pardoned out through the exertions of Jacob B. Amwake, Esq , as detailed in that gentleman's testimony on the trial. The second time he served out his term, and he did nothing more to enlist public attention until his arrest for the crime for which he forfeited his life.

THE CONDEMNED HALF-BROTHERS.

The secret of Richards' propensity for *laughing* has been explained in an article in The Expresa, the facts of which were furnished by a gentleman who was acquainted with the parties from their childhood Previous to that publication no one had broached the idea that Anderson and Richards were nearly related to each other by blood. They themselves made no such pretensions—had no such knowledge—did not suspect such a thing The public will therefore no doubt be surprised to learn that Alexander Anderson, (alias Alexander Mosely) and George Henry Richards (alias Richardson) were *brothers*—children of the same man! Such is nevertheless true, as the following relation of indisputable facts will show.

It will be recollected that on the trial of Richards his counsel set up the plea of insanity, and one of the two witnesses called to make out the case, was Mr. Amwake, who testified that he had known Richards from a boy, he having lived in Mr. A.'s family from the time he was six years old until he was fifteen. Referring to a propensity Richards had when a boy of butting his head against the wall, Mr. A. testified that his father used to say it was in consequence of being *a seven month child*. That allusion doubtless furnishes a key to the singular conduct of Richards in *laughing* at every thing Henry Richards was the reputed son of Robert Richards, who died in Lancaster about two years ago. Robert was a runaway slave from Virginia, and when he came to Lancaster he found a refuge with Mrs. M., at whose house he became acquainted with "Mary," a colored woman, who was visited by a colored man named Anderson, but better known as "*Laughing Pompey*," on account of his remarkable propensity for laughing. Pompey was a complete laughing machine, and it was generally admitted that "he laughed because he could n't help it." It seems he had laughed himself into the good graces of "Mary," but as he was a worthless fellow—good for nothing but laughing—and Robert Richards was a sober and industrious darkey—Mary fell in love wit *him*, and Robert lost no time in marrying her. In seven months afterwards Henry Richards was born, and Robert having been only about eight months out of Virginia, he very naturally concluded

From a Photograph by M. H. Locher. Engraved for the Police Gazette.

that he had no legitimate claim over the child, and intimated in pretty strong terms that he would not father it. But "Mary" beguiled him and the honest old man did believe. She carried the little darky very tenderly on a pillow, and insisted that he had come into the world two months in advance of the proper time, and love so blinded the eyes of Robert that he couldn't see that "the *poor* baby" was as big and healthy, and as able to lay on a hard bed as any other baby. This was what Mr. Amwake referred to on the witness stand. Old Robert believed, and lived and died happy, ("if ignorance is bliss, 't it folly to be wise!") always excusing Henry's foolish eccentricities by saying he was born with the imperfection of time upon his head! But "Mary" subsequently let Mrs. M. into the secret, admitting that "Laughing Pompey" was the father of Henry; and those who recollect that old eccentric darky, will see in one of the condemned murderers his fac simile, *including his grinning laugh*! That *laugh* was therefore supposed to be hereditary, and in itself may have been no evidence of Richards impenitence.

"Laughing Pompey" subsequently married a light woman, and their first child was Alexander. The two are therefore *half brothers* in blood as well as full brothers in crime. Henry, as we have before said, is a *fac simile* of his real father, and bears no resemblance to his reputed sire. Alexander, on the other hand, seems to have had the color and shrewdness of his mother and the worthlessness of his father. Old "Pompey's" laughing propensities seem to have been exclusively inherited by Henry. And it is not a little singular that these men should have been so closely related to each other in terrible crime, without suspecting that the same paternal blood flowed in their veins. It is another remarkable feature, and to the moralist, a sad and painful one, in the history of the most bloody and revolting outrage ever recorded in our local history.

LAST SCENES OF THE TRAGEDY.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE EXECUTION.

At seven o'clock on the evening preceding the execution, Rev Messrs. Hopkins and Appleton, of St. John's Free church, visited the condemned and remained with them until nearly ten o'clock, administering to them the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The prisoners had been baptised on the previous Saturday, by Mr. Hopkins. This communion scene was one of the most affecting and impressive perhaps ever witnessed. Richards was brought over into Anderson's cell, and both seated themselves upon Anderson's prison cot. Their spiritual advisers then went into a thorough examination of the moral condition of the condemned, as to the sincerity of their repentance and their comprehension of the fundamental truths of the divine plan of salvation.

They both professed the deepest contrition and manifested much feeling. Richards was deeply agitated, and appeared very different in manner from what he had been heretofore. Their spiritual advisers being satisfied that they did truly repent them of their sins, proceeded with their preparations to administer the Communion, according to the beautiful service of the Protestant Episcopal church. Anderson's stool was used for the table, a white cloth being spread over it, and there in the dim light of that lonely cell was witnessed a scene which has few parallels. After the consecration of the sacred elements, there was the usual

pause, and Anderson, not being familiar with the service, supposed it to be intended as an opportunity for prayer. He accordingly kneeled down by the side of his cot, and offered up a most eloquent, appropriate and fervent extempore prayer, breathing the deepest penitence, bitterly bewailing his sins and expressing the fullest reliance in the pardoning mercy of God. A more eloquent and appropriate prayer could hardly have been made, even by the learned and mature christian. The clergymen, as well as Richards, were deeply affected by it.

Before the clergymen took leave of the condemned for the evening, Anderson thanked them most tenderly for their kindness and the deep interest they had taken in their spiritual welfare, and regretted that he had nothing suitable to give them as a token of his gratitude; but he had got some copies of a hymn printed for that purpose, a copy of which he begged each of them to accept. He had written his name on the back of each, in several places. The hymn is as follows:

HYMN.

The spirit in our hearts,
Is whispering, Sinners come
The bride, the Church of God, proclaims
To all his children come;
Let him that heareth say
To all about him, come;
Let him that thirsts for righteousness
To Christ the fountain, come.
Yes, whosoever will—O let him freely come.
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.
Lo! Jesus who invites,
Declares, I quickly come!
Lord, even so, I wait thy hour,
Jesus, my Saviour, come.

The prisoners slept very little during the night, Anderson being engaged almost the entire night in devotional exercises. Richards informed the compiler next morning, that he slept some, but the approaching scene was all the time running through his mind the same as if he were awake. He appeared to have been dreaming of his execution.

THE EXECUTION OF ANDERSON AND RICHARDS.

Anderson and Richards were hung on Friday the ninth of April. A large crowd was expected, but owing to heavy rains the preceding day and night, the attendance from the country was not so large as expected. Nevertheless, there was considrable excitement and an overweening anxiety to witness the execution. Over two thousand persons had applied to witness the execution, but Sheriff Rowe very properly determined to adhere as strictly as possible to the terms of the law.

On Thursday an elevated platform had been erected on an adjoining lot, overlooking the scene of execution. This was done by some enterprising speculator, anxious to turn a little money out of the morbid desire to see the horrid tragedy, in spite of the law requiring it to be private. One dollar a head was charged for admission to this platform, and although the execution took place before many who had purchased tickets could get there, there were about a hundred persons who witnessed the execution from that point.

The gallows was brought into town on Thursday, and put up in the prison yard. It was built by Mr. Henry Bruckart, at Silver Spring, West Hempfield-twp.; and was made on an original plan, a decided improvement over those formerly used.

The frame-work of the platform was constructed of four upright timbers, sixteen feet high, spreading from the top to the bottom, thus giving the structure a firm basis upon the ground. These were securely framed and keyed together at the top with four cross-ties, across two of which the beam rested, running from east to west. To this beam the fatal cords were attached, running over the pulleys, which were used in lowering the bodies after the execution. Seven feet six inches below this, and the same distance from the ground, was the platform or "drop," in which Mr. Bruckart introduced the improvement above referred to. This "drop" was four feet nine by nine feet nine inches, and instead of swinging on side hinges, as in the old plan, the entire platform fell to the ground, at the fatal moment. The arrangement by which this was effected is simple, and worked with precision. By means of sliding slotted bars underneath the drop, attached to a roller at one end with leather bands, a lever being inserted in one end of the roller, the slots are opened on the lower side, by a slight turn of the lever, and the joists of the platform dropped from the slots, letting it down on the ground instantaneously. Tan was placed underneath the platform, on the ground, to prevent all unpleasant noise from the falling of the platform, the clattering of the old-fashioned swinging drop, having been one of the most disagreeable features of former executions, by interrupting the solemnity of the scene. Mr. Bruckart conceived the idea of this arrangement when present at an execution many years ago, and after the conviction of Anderson and Richards, he made a model and exhibited it to Sheriff Rowe, who at once approved of the plan, and gave Mr. Bruckart the contract. It gave general satisfaction, and no other plan should in future be adopted.

In the morning Anderson sent a letter, written in a tremulous hand, requesting that his likeness should be brought up to prison from Locher's Gallery. His request was complied with, and he expressed himself pleased with it. At an early hour the prisoners dressed themselves for their execution. Anderson was dressed in white pantaloons and a plain white shirt, without coat: Richards in white pants and shirt, with a white roundabout and white glove.

We repaired to the Prison about nine o'clock in the morning, and found a number of the Sheriff's jurors and deputies already on the spot. The following persons had been selected by the Sheriff for the two juries, requiried by law:

THE ANDERSON JURY.—1. Luther Richards, City; 2. Samuel Hess, Pequea; 3. Jos. Black, Columbia; 4. David Bair, City; 5. S. W. P. Boyd, Fulton; 6. Calvin D. Mehaffey, Marietta; 7. Christian O. Herr, Manor; 8. Jacob Gamber, City; 9. Henry Musser, Strasburg; 10. Jacob Sourbeer, Conestoga; 11. Joel L. Lightner, E. Lampeter 12. Daniel Altick, City.

THE RICHARDS JURY.—1. Jacob B. Tshudy, Warwick; 2. Jacob Foreman, Esq., Conoy; 3. Jacob Hess, Pequea; 4. John F. Herr, Strasburg; 5. John S. Keneagy, Paradise; 6. Samuel W. Beecher, E. Lampeter; 7. Jacob M. Greider, W. Hempfield; 8. Charles M. Howell, City; 9. Uriah Eckert, Paradise; 10. John C. Balwin, W. Lampeter; 11. Samuel L. Kauffman, Eden; 12. John S. Hostetter, Manheim.

Among the notables present was Senator Crabb, who came in on the strength of a letter of introduction from Governor Packer. He was a singular mania for witnessing executions and has attended nearly all in the State for several years past. On the floor of the Senate, he opposed the act to abolish public executions, stating that he liked to see men hung, and would walk a great distance to witness the spectacle!

AFFECTING SCENES IN THE PRISON.

At an early hour Anderson's wife, their two children, step daughter, mother in-law, and Mr. James, (at whose house Mrs. Anderson is staying,) visited the cell of the condemned, where they remained until a half an hour before the time for preparing for execution. The scene was deeply affecting, and although we could look unmoved upon the execution itself, this was enough to unman the stoutest heart and unbrace the most iron nerves.

When they entered, Anderson said "Good morning," and affectionately kissed his wife and little ones, who burst into tears. Mrs. Anderson spoke scarcely a word

about the execution, but wept bitterly all the time, while Anderson himself, with much apparant effort, maintained a surprising composure. At last he said "I have chosen *eleven o'clock* for my death. I have prepared my soul to meet my God, and I care not how soon I go." He repeated in a faltering voice, "I feel that God will receive my soul," and continued for some time, repeating similar sentences, at short intervals.

The publisher coming into the cell about this time, he gave him directions to whom he should give books, (copies of his Life and Confession,) and said it was the wish of himself and wife that a Guardian should be appointed over his children, and asked him to accept of it. He said he had made arrangements to go into the liquor business at Milton, and expected to leave town, and therefore could not act. Anderson then said with great earnestness and solemnity—

"*It was liquor that brought me here, and will soon send me to the gallows. All my crimes have been the fruits of whiskey.*"

He remarked that Mr. Garber had been to see him, and forgiven him, which seemed to afford him much relief; but Mr. Ream, he said, had come into the cell without saluting him, and asked about the money, when the keeper closed the door. He said he had no malice towards him or any one else, and hoped all would forgive him. He said he implored Ream's forgivness, but added that if his heart is crowded with malice towards his fellow-men, even an enemy, God would not forgive him.

Among other things, Anderson stated that he had told Mr. H. C. Locher, the day before, not to see his wife and children suffer, as his wife was not able to work. He appeared to be much concerned about her, and added that the Confession to be published for her benefit, under his direction, was his true and only Confession. He requested that his body should be buried in the Poor House graveyard, along side of the grave of his child, and directed to have slacked lime put in the coffin with his body, so that the doctors could not use it; though, he added that he did not care much about his poor body; they could not hurt his soul, which would soon be at rest. He said the Sheriff had asked him whether he was hungry; but he had something better to eat than the Sheriff had; and if he and all others did not repent they would have bitter food to eat before death. He said he bore no ill will towards the Sheriff, and spoke in the highest terms of that officer's deportment towards him, as well as of the officers of the prison.

At this time, Joseph Aaron, his wife's father, a gray haired and infirm old colored man, entered the cell, which made the scene still more impressive. Neither spoke for some time. At length Anderson said, "It is so." The old man then faltered, "I hope you are prepared." "Yes," replied Anderson, "I know that God will receive my soul—thank God! But it grieves me and causes me to shed tears to see you all grieving; but I am not afraid my soul will not be received to God. I hope they will pray for me. I feel that it is not wrong to cut me off from life. It would not be right to let me live. The law must have its course."

Anderson's family subsequently paid a farewell visit to the cell of Richards. He shook Mrs. Anderson by the hand, saying, "Good morning, God bless you!" She replied, "Henry, I will not see you in this world again, but I hope to meet you in the next." Turning to Mrs James, he said, he had received the grace of God in his soul that morning, and was prepared to die. After bidding him farewell again, the family returned to Anderson's cell. The writer soon after entered the cell of Richards, and in taking leave of us he said, with apparent feeling, that he was prepared; that he felt that he deserved his doom, though he had been led into the crime; that he felt God had forgiven him, and he would go to the gallows with an easy mind. As he said this, however, big drops of perspiration stood out on his forehead, and his whole frame quivered with emotion. He, however, recovered his usual calmness in a short time, and engaged with Mr. Appleton in his devotional exercises, that gentleman having been with the prisoners from nine o'clock in the morning. On visiting Richards at about half-past ten, we found good reason by hope his professions of penitence were real. He fully realized his condition, and spoke with confidence and yet humility, that God had pardoned him and would receive his soul. Although evidently penitent, resigned and prepared for his dreadful doom, he looked as pleasant as ever, and said he felt as if he was going out west on a long journey, or to get married.

Rev. Mr. Hopkins arrived at about a quarter before eleven, and Anderson was then notified that it was time to take a last farewell of his family. He at first said they were not to leave him, that the law gave them the right to be with him, and that they should be with him to the last; but upon being assured that it would be better for all to have the parting scene over as soon as possible, he consented, but requested that one of the clergymen pray with them altogether before the final separation. This request being complied with, the family took their final leave, a scene which it would be impossible to describe. He invoked God's blessing upon them and besought them to prepare to meet him in heaven, and to have no fears about his future. The prisoners were then left alone for a short time with their spiritual advisers, Mr. Hopkins engaging in prayer with Richards, and Mr. Appleton with Anderson. Sheriff Rowe and Deputy Sheriff Foltz then entered and made the final preparations. The former adjusted the cord around Richards' and the latter around the neck of Anderson, both prisoners retaining remarkable composure, though looking pale. Their arms were also pinioned in the cells. They were then escorted by their respective spiritual advisers to the gallows, accompanied by the Sheriff and his Deputy. Anderson passed a few acquaintances in the corridor to whom he nodded and smiled a final adieu, and the mournful procession moved on in an impressive silence to the gallows.

The condemned ascended the stairs with a firm step, and by direction of the Sheriff, they kneeld down in their respective positions, immediately under the hooks which were to receive the fatal cords. Anderson, in a fervent though somewhat faltering voice, engaged in prayer, prefacing it with his favorite and appropriate hymn, which will be found on page 45 of his confession, and ending with the following extempore petitions:

Oh, God! make clean my heart and receive my soul into thy kingdom. I lean on thy protecting arm, oh God, trusting in thy mercy! Remember my poor brother and have mercy on him. Oh, God! if he has not truly repented, give him to feel his condition and trust in thy mercy before his life is cut off and he is laid in the grave by my side. Hear me now, oh Lord, and receive my soul, for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

During this scene Richards showed considerable nervousness, and had to be supported slightly by Mr. Foltz. At the conclusion of Anderson's prayer, Rev. Mr. Appleton, in a firm, clear voice, and impresive manner, prayed as follows:

O, Holy Jesus, who of thine infinite goodness didst accept the conversion of a sinner on the cross; open thine eye of mercy upon these, thy servants, who desire pardon and forgiveness, though in their latest hour they turn unto thee. Renew in them whatsoever hath been decayed by the fraud and malice of the devil, or by their own carnal will and frailness. Consider their condition—accept their repentance; and forasmuch as they put their full trust only in thy mercy, impute not unto them their former sins, but strengthen them with thy blessed Spirit; and when thou art pleased to take them hence, take them unto thy favor. This we beg through thy merits, O Lord, our Saviour and our Redeemer. Amen.

O Father of all mercies and God of all comfort, we fly unto thee for succor in behalf of these, thy servants, who are now under the sentence of condemnation. The day of their calamity is at hand, and they are accounted as of those who go down into the pit. Blessed Lord, remember thy mercies; look upon their infirmities; hear the voice of their complaint; give them, we beseech thee, patience in this their time of adversity, and support under the terrors which encompass them; set before their eyes the things they have done in the body, which have justly provoked thee to anger; and forasmuch as their continuance appeareth to be short amongst us, quicken them so much the more by thy grace and Holy Spirit; that they, being converted and reconciled unto thee, before thy judgments have cut them off from the earth, may at this the hour of their death, depart in peace and be received into thine everlasting kingdom, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Mr. Hopkins then offered the following commendatory prayer, for a person at the point of death:

O Almighty God, with whom do live the spirits of just men made perfect, after they are delivered from their earthly prisons; we humbly commend the souls of these thy servants, our dear brothers, into thy hands, as into the hands of a faithful Creator, and most merciful Saviour; most humbly beseeching thee, that their souls may be precious in thy sight. Wash them, we pray thee, in the blood of that immaculate Lamb, that who slain to take away the sins of the world; that whatsoever defilements they may have contracted

in the midst of this miserable and wicked world, through the lusts of the flesh, or the wiles of Satan, being purged and done away, they may be presented pure and without spot before thee, through Jesus Christ's redemption. And teach us who survive, in this and other like daily spectacles of morality, to see how frail and uncertain our own condition is, and so to number our days, that we may seriously apply our hearts to that holy and heavenly wisdom, whilst we live here, which may in the end bring us to life everlasting, through the merits of Jesus Christ, thine only Son, our Lord. Amen.

During the delivery of these prayers the prisoners seemed deeply impressed with the solemnity of the scene. Richards' lips moved, as if in silent prayer, but we heard him utter no audible sounds.

Mr. Hopkins, with outstretched hands upon the condemned, pronounced the benediction, when Sheriff Rowe, Mr. Foltz and Mr. Cadwell, the keeper of the Prison, bade them farewell. The clergymen bade them a final adieu, whispering words of consolation and encouragement, while the Sheriff adjusted the cords and drew the caps of black velvet over the heads of the condemed, Anderson exclaiming, as they left the platform, "Good-bye, and may God bless you all!" At twenty-five minutes before twelve o'clock, Sheriff Rowe pulled the cord attached to the lever, the platform fell instantaneously and almost noiselessly, and before many present could see the movement by which it was effected, the victims were left hanging in mid air. Indeed, the fall of the drop was so sudden and its noise falling upon the soft tan so slight, that many present did not see the movement by which the victims were sent into eternity. Anderson's neck being broken by the fall, he died easy, without a struggle, and scarcely any perceptible movement of his body. Richards seemed to die harder, but he did not struggle in the least. For four or five minutes after the drop fell convulsive movements of the body, caused by muscular contractions, were perceptible in the body of Richards.

A few minutes after twelve, Dr. Henry Carpenter, of Lancaster, and Dr. Berg, of Washington borough, the physicians selected by the Sheriff, ascended the scaffold, examined the bodies, and pronounced life extinct. In half an hour after the falling of the drop, the bodies were lowered in their coffins, after which they were closely examined by a large number of physicians present. The following are the memoranda furnished by the witnessing physicians, Drs. Carpenters and Berg:

Drop fell at 25 minutes before 12 m.

In 1 minute after, partial discharge of the contents of the bladder, with some priapism in Anderson; no visible evidences of either in Richards; muscular contractions to a moderate degree in both.

In 2 minutes, slight occasional muscular contractions in both.

In 3 minutes after—No muscular contraction in Anderson; occasionally in Richards; in the latter an occasional burst of air from the windpipe, and evidence of relaxation of the sphincter ani.

In 4 minutes after—Air from windpipe in Richards with slight muscular contraction; Anderson's body perfectly still for the last 2 minutes.

In 5 minutes after—No muscular contraction visible in either, for the last minute; from this period until the expiration of 30½ minutes, when the bodies were lowered, they remained perfectly still; no visible sign of vitality in either.

Upon examination after the bodies were lowered, Anderson was found to have sustained a dislocation of the vertebræ of the atlas, or first bone of the spinal column—upon the dentatus, or second, toward the left side—also a fracture of the right wing of the os hyoides, or bone to which the larynx or upper portion of windpipe is attached—the larynx apparently uninjured.

In Richards the spinal column retained its integrity, there being no dislocation—the hyoid bone also uninjured—the larynx injured to some degree.

In Anderson there was considerable seminal emission—in Richards only slightly so.

Before the coffins were closed, old Aaron, Anderson's father in-law, produced a basket of lime, to put in the coffin, in pursuance of Anderson and his wife's request, but some of the physicians present persuaded him that lime would preserve the body and thus keep it in a fit condition for the doctor's use! The old man then concluded to dispense with the lime.

The bodies were then placed in a wagon, and driven to the Poor House burying ground, followed by the family of Anderson, and a crowd of about five hundred

persons. In emerging from the gate of the Prison yard, there was some disorder among the crowd, and the Sheriff was obliged to hand one fellow over to the custody of Mr. Cadwell, the Keeper of the Prison, after which the crowd fell back. The bodies were buried under the superintendence of the Sheriff. Mrs. Anderson was more deeply affected at the grave than in the prison, and wept bitterly and convulsively.

Neither Richards' brother nor wife was present during the day. Richards did not desire it, as he said it would only discompose his mind, and make them feel bad. He had previously bid them farewell.

Sheriff Rowe deported himself with manliness and great composure throughout the trying scene. He performed his painful duty with calm firmness but with as much humanity as could be shown in the execution of this stern judgment of the law. Altogether, it was perhaps the best conducted execution, so far as his arrangements extended, which ever took place in the State.

We take pleasure in this connection in bearing testimony to the faithful manner in which Rev. Messrs. Hopkins and Appleton discharged their duties to the unfortunate men. From their conviction to the fatal moment, they were assidous in their labors to prepare them for death and the jogdment; and they now have the consciousness of a reasonable assurance that their labors were not in vain. All through this trying ordeal of preparing the prisoners for their doom—in the cell—on their way to the scaffold—and in the solemn exercises of the closing moments—they deported themselves with firmness and composure, thus encouraging and strengthening the dying men by example as well as words of consolation and hope.

OUTSIDE SCENES AND INCIDENTS.

Contrary to general expectation there were but few persons in from the country, the timely notice, that no person other than had already been selected, could gain admission to witness the execution, seems to have had the effect of keeping the good citizens of the county at home more profitably engaged.

As early as nine o'clock the spare population of the city, and the few strangers who had arrived, began to collect at the great center-pedal depot—the jail—and crowd about the main entrance, begging admission or otherwise vainly seeking a site wherefrom to gratify their morbid curiosity; the reservoir, on account of the height of its banks, offered a general invitation, and from nine o'clock until after the execution, there was an unbroken stream of anxious sight-seers going up the steps to find disappointment and come down again to seek another locality. On the eastern end of the prison wall a Dutchman erected a ladder from some loose timber lying near, and several commenced climbing to the top of the wall; in the scramble together the frail machine broke, but no injury resulting to any one, the plan was soon again adopted by several others, and three ladders were quickly raised and mounted, when the enterprise received a sudden check from the appearance of Sheriff Rowe and some of his deputies—and Mr. Cadwell, and officers Baker and Gormley, who surprised the party by making a sortie from the rear gate of the jail yard. The ladders were thrown down and a general stampede followed; Sheriff Rowe then intimated that if any person was seen on the walls they would be fired on, which remark was received with strong feelings from a club of stubborn Dutchmen, who cried out, "Bring de niggers out den," and the leader, after the Sheriff and his posse had retired, enlightened his countrymen by an assurance that he had "a right to hang de niggars an him ownself; and in Germany he do dis way."

Jos. Brintnall's grand stand, which overlooked the whole of the prison yard up to the hour of ten o'clock, presented but a meagre show of profit to the speculator, but by eleven the curiosity pitch had worked itself up, and the dollar charge of admission was freely paid until the receipts must have reached $70, and from this and the house-tops and barns in the vicinity, the inside proceedings were telegraphed to those below.

John Swartz, of East King st., made the roof of his barn, at the bottom of his lot, pay, at a quarter a head, for new shingling. A small scaffold was erected on a frame house, in the rear of Orange-st., for the exclusive purpose of gratifying the curiosity of the owners, and every tree within two hundred yards was crowded with men and boys. The house-tops and chimneys were brought into requisition and three females had the garret windows removed from their dwelling house, in East

King street, that they might *indulge*, unobstructed, the *pleasure* of seeing two men executed; the female proportion of the crowd outside was too grert for such an occasion, and above all two could not resist the temptation of securing a seat on Joe's grand stand.

At the north wall, near to which the "drop" was erected, there was collected about 100 persons, who with their ears pressed close to the wall, listened attentively and anxiously to catch every sound of the approach of the execution and the final springing of the bolt.

At about twenty minutes after eleven o'clock, there was a general shout from the stands, now gentlemen and ladies take your seats, the performance is going to commence, and then came the exclamation of "there they are!" In a short time after, a dull booming sound was heard distinctly around the rear of the jail yard, which intimated that the final scene in the execution had taken place. After the execution, and prior to the taking down of the bodies, the stands and buildings, overlooking the scene, were crowded with additional persons anxious to get a glimpse of the victims, even as they hung after life was extinct. After the execution, a great number of persons arrived from the country.

APPENDIX.

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE MURDERS AND EXECUTIONS IN LANCASTER COUNTY SINCE ITS ORGANIZATION.

Of the Murders and Executions which took place in Lancaster county during the last century, no record can be found in the archives of our court, among which we have made most diligent search, in hopes of making this appendix more full and complete. But there are persons still living who can recollect many of the minutest circumstances connected with these tragical events in our local history, and from them we have been enabled to glean some interesting particulars, which we believe to be in the main authentic.

The decade from 1770 to 1780 appears to have been more prolific in executions than any other period since the organization of the county. During those ten years there were at least five persons hung in Lancaster for various offenses; other crimes than murder being then punished with the death-penalty. A man called "Jockey Jones" was hung for stealing horses; Catharine Fisher, for killing her child; Capt. Taylor, for highway robbery; a colored man for committing a rape upon a white woman; and Samuel Brandt for killing his father and setting the dwelling house on fire.

One or two persons were hung near the Mennonist Graveyard, between Duke and Lime, and Walnut and Chesnut-sts; the others on the spot near where Franklin and Marshall College now stands. Lancaster was then called "Hickory Town," and embraced but a few squares, which were surrounded by woods.

Samuel Brandt had an influential family connection, and the murder of which he was convicted, together with his execution, excited much interest and feeling at the time. After his conviction he feigned insanity; and on his way to the gallows he filled the air with unearthly screams and yells. This murder was committed in what is now Derry-twp., in Dauphin county. Rev. Mr. Helmuth, who was then Pastor of Trinity Luthern Church, in this city, published a work relative to Brandt's case; and we are informed that copies of this work are still extant, though we have been unsuccessful in our efforts to obtain one.

In those days executions were conducted with a view to inspire awe and terror among the thousands who assembled to witness the horrid tragedies. In the efforts of the legal functionaries, to make the exhibitions as terrible as possible, they widely overshot their aim, and the incidental circumstances attending them soon began to demonstrate the disastrous influence of public executions upon the morals of the people, and a more enlightened public sentiment eventually led to their abolition by act of assembly. At the period we refer to, the executioners wore masks, and the condemned criminals were taken from their place of confinement, placed upon their own coffin in a cart, and driven through the streets, directly under the gallows, often amid the hoots and jeers of the excited populace. After arriving under the scaffold, the rope was adjusted and the cart driven away leaving the victim dangling in the air!

Our law on this subject are derived from the English. William Penn, the celebrated founder of Pennsylvania, in his first system of government at Chester, in 1682, introduced a new system less sanguinary than that of the parent country, a system celebrated in the annals of our country as doing away with the Draconic code of the mother country, on crimes of a trivial nature. After the personal influence of the great founder had ceased to exist amongst the colonists, their criminal code again relapsed to the accustomed severity of the parent country. This severity, however, could not last; it was foreign to the spirit which actuated the men of the Revolution, who as early as 1786, took up the subject in the Convention which framed the Constitution, and embodied in that instrument a declaration making it imperative upon the Legislature to amend the penal laws so as to render them less sanguinary, and substitute "visible punishment of long duration" in penitentiaries for the death penalty. In 1786 the following crimes were

capital, or penalty of death without benefit of clergy:—Murder, robbery, burglary, rape, sodomy, buggery, malicious maiming, manslaughter by stabbing, witchcraft and conjuration, arson, counterfeiting any current gold or silver coin, and felony (except larceny), on a second conviction—in all, twelve or thirteen specified offenses. In that year, however, a reform commenced by the abolition of this penalty in the case of burglary, robbery and other crimes. By the act of 1794, murder was divided into two degrees, and the punishment of death abolished in all cases whatever, except the higher of these two.

A man named MYERS was sentenced to to be hung in this county for assisting to drive cattle to the British army during the Revolution: but his mother, who was ardently attached to him, proved the fidelity of a mother's love, and the magnanimity of Washington, by walking from Lancaster to Philadelphia, where, through her entreaties with Gen. Washington, she succeeded in procuring her son's pardon.

After Captain Taylor's execution, it was currently reported, and very generally believed, that he had been resuscitated by his friends and had afterwards passed through Lancaster alive and well!

From 1780 to 1822, a period of forty-three years, no person was hung in Lancaster. But this long calm was followed by a tragedy of a most extraordinary, bloody and exciting character, of which we have a more full and satisfactory account.

HE LECHLER TRAGEDY AND EXECUTION.

JOHN LECHLER was executed for the murder of his wife, Mary Lechler, on the 25th of October, 1822. The murder for which he was condemned, was committed about one o'clock, on the morning of Tuesday the 2nd day of April, and caused an intense excitement in and around Lancaster. The circumstances attending that horrid tragedy were briefly these. Some time in the month of December, 1821, John Lechler made a discovery which induced him to believe, that too great an intimacy between Bernard Haag and his wife. The matter was, however, adjusted by some pecuniary arrangement between the parties; but Lechler, becoming dissatisfied with the arrangement which had been entered into, made increased demands of Haag, which the latter resisted. In consequence of this, an altercation took place between Lechler and his wife. She left his house, and he advertised her as having "defiled his matrimonial bed" and left his house, and that he would pay no debts of her contracting. Some time after this, Lechler took his wife home again, where she remained, (except on one or two occasions, when she left for a day or two, and was prevailed upon to return,) up to the time of the murder. At about one o'clock, on the morning the fatal deed was committed, Haag and his wife were awakened by a noise in their kitchen, which was separated from the room in which they slept by a small room where the children were sleeping. Haag passed through this room to the door which opened into the kitchen, and demanded: "who's there?" Lechler immediately discharged two double barrelled pistols, two of the bullets passing near Haag's head, and the other two passing through the opposite side of the door. Mrs. Haag, who was standing in the door which opened into the childrens' room, received one of the balls in the centre of her breast causing her death in a few moments.

The neighbors were immediately apprised of the occurrence, and, as Lechler had frequently threatened to take the lives of his wife and Haag, suspicion at once fell upon Lechler, and his house, which was directly opposite Haag's forced open. Upon entering, the children were found in bed, and upon further search, Mrs. Lechler was discovered on the garret, hung by the neck with a rope to one of the beams. She had been murdered in her bed chamber, on the ground floor, and then carried up two flights of stairs to the garret, and there hung up, in order to induce the belief that she had committed suicide.

Both women were in a state of pregnancy, Mrs. Haag within a few days of her confinement. Each of them left a family of six children. Lechler made his escape. A reward of $600 was offered for his apprehension—$200 by the Governor, $200 by the Mayor and $200 by Haag.

Lechler was arrested on the Tuesday following the murder, at the house of his sister in Cambria county, and lodged in the Lancaster jail. The next week he was taken before the Court then in session, and plead not guilty, when he was remanded

for trial at the August Sessions. When the trial came on, Messrs. Porter, Champneys and Parke were assigned by the Court to defend him. The trial commenced on Thursday morning and the examination of witnesses for the Commonwealth was not concluded until Sunday at noon. The witnesses on the part of the prisoner occupied the remainder of Sunday and part of Monday. The theory of the defense was that the deceased committed suicide, and that even if the prisoner had committed the crime laid to his charge, the provocation received by detecting a criminal connection between Haag and his wife, was an extenuation of guilt, that the crime was not committed with *deliberation*, and did not therefore come within the definition of murder in the first degree. The defense, ably as it was managed, failed, and Lechler was convicted. Had he been tried in these times, under similar circumstances, the result might have been different!

John Lechler suffered the penalty for his crimes on the 25th of October, 1822. He walked from the Prison, accompanied by four Divines, and guarded by the Lancaster volunteer corps, to the place of execution, on the old Race Ground, in the northwestern part of the city, where three volunteer corpses from the country had previously been placed to secure the ground and preserve order. The criminal ascended the platform by a broad flight of steps, and remained in earnest conversation with a clergyman of the Catholic church, in a very low tone of voice, until one o'clock, when the Sheriff and Clergy shook hands with the unfortunate man. He then took his station on the "drop," and a black man fixed the fatal cord; when all was prepared those on the platform left him. The Sheriff having informed him that he had but twenty minutes to live, the unhappy man spent the time in earnest prayer, at the conclusion of which the drop fell, and the world was closed upon him forever!

The troops enclosed an area of 300 feet square, from which all were excluded, except those who immediately accompanied the criminal. It is supposed that thirty thousand persons witnessed the execution. Fences, trees, house-tops, and all the rising grounds in view, were covered with people. The press upon the guards during the march was so great, that it was sometimes difficult to keep the crowd back, so anxious were all to gratify their curiosity. During the procession, not a word was heard, except the occasional request of the pressing crowd to *stand back*, uttered in an under-tone; and, throughout the whole ceremony, not the least sound interrupted the universal stillness. The low voice of the unhappy man, though little raised above a whisper, while murmuring his last prayers, could be heard at a considerable distance, and at the awful moment when he passed from life to eternity, not a sound was heard amidst the immense surrounding multitude.

The conduct of the prisoner throughout, was steady and becoming a man sensible of the dreadful crimes he had committed. He never raised his eyes from the earth, but appeared to shun the gaze of those around him. His conduct and appearance bespoke the most humble penitence and resignation. On the first days of his confinement he had often expressed a dread that his crimes were too mighty for forgiveness; but towards the conclusion he appeared to cherish hopes of mercy through the redeeming love of HIM who died to save the penitent sinner.

His body, after remaining suspended for twenty minutes, was removed to the public place of interment.

Instead of a gallows, a platform was erected, about 9 feet from the ground, the floor of which was divided in the middle, and swung upon hings, like folding doors supported at each end by a broad wedge; when the signal was given, the wedges were drawn out in an instant by a cord passed through a pulley.

On the evening of Lechler's execution fifteen persons were committed to prison, one for murder and one for larceny, the rest for vagrancy, having no doubt been attracted to the scene of the execution through the generally prevailing curiosity. The man committed for murder was John Wilson, who stabbed Thomas Burns, in a drunken affray at a tavern near the old Factory, the parties being on their way home from the execution. Burns was stabbed in the abdomen, and died the following Monday.

Lechler's confession was published for the "benefit of his children," by S. C. Stambaugh; another was published by Aug. Heinitsh, at the request of the condemned, and a warm controversy sprung up in the newspapers of that day as to their respective claims and merits.

Mayor Ross, apprehending a great concourse of people at the place of execution and thinking that executions ought to be conducted among civilized, moral and religious people, with the greatest decorum and solemnity, issued a proclamation forbidding the vending of any stronger liquor than small beer, and directing the constables vigilantly to pursue and apprehend gamblers and other disorderly persons. The record of a murder on the same evening shows that his apprehensions were not unfounded.

EXECUTION OF DANIEL SHEAFFER.

On Sunday evening, the 3d of October 1831, Daniel Sheaffer called on Michael Baltzell, a Magistrate of Frederick, Md., and asked to be committed to Prison, alleging that he had committed a murder, the previous winter, in Marietta, Lancaster county, Pa., and that the reproaches of his conscience had become so severe, that he was unable any longer to endure them. He said that during the deep snow of the preceding winter, he, whilst in a state of intoxication, entered the house of a widow named Bowers, (an aged and decrepid woman) then living in Marietta, and after violating her person, strangled her to death. At the request of Sheaffer, the Magistrate at once communicated the circumstance to the proper officers of Lancaster county; and the fact of such person having been found dead in her house, about the time stated, induced the Sheriff to bring the prisoner to Lancaster for trial.

On the 28th of November, 1831, Sheaffer was tried for the murder of Mrs. Elizabeth Bowers, and convicted, principally upon his own confession, and received sentence of death.

On the 13th of April, 1832, the sentence of the law was executed on him. He was taken from the jail, under a strong military guard, to the place of execution, on the old Race Ground, accompanied by the Reverends Keenan, Currin and Levy, who, it is believed, had not been altogether unsuccessful in preparing him for the awful event. He appeared to be penitent, and prayed audibly and fervently under the gallows for some length of time, when at 2 o'clock he was launched into eternity.

HENRY SMITH'S EXECUTION.

On the 23d of October, 1837, Henry Smith, colored, was discovered in the act of stealing several shoats from Benjamin Peart, a farmer at Columbia, Lancaster county, Pa. Peart seized the robber, and in the struggle received a stab with a knife in the stomach, and several other wounds. He still held on and cried for help. A man named Isaac Cruzen, living opposite, came to his assistance. The negro fled, Cruzen pursued and overtook him, but when in the act of seizing him, was felled by the knife, which was driven up to the hilt into the stomach.

Peart died in a few hours. Cruzen recovered. In the scuffle Smith dropt his hat and the two shoats: the hat fitted Smith; Smith was found in a cave near his house, next morning. His clothes were bloody and the knife, with which the deed was committed, was found in his possession. This knife forms one of the collection preserved by Mr. Cross, in North Queen-st., Lancaster.

Henry Smith suffered the penalty of the law on the 11th of May, 1838, in the jail yard. Being the first execution in this county, since the passage of the law abolishing public executions, a great many persons, male and female, came to the city under the vain expectation of witnessing it as formerly. But, with the exception of a few who managed to receive a perch on the roofs and chimneys of the adjacent buildings, none of the crowd of amateurs who were collected around the scene of the tragedy were gratified with a sight of the death struggles.* He met his fate with great firmness, and expressed entire confidence as to the future. Several days previous to being hung, he made a full confession of his guilt of the crime for which he suffered.

THE EXECUTION OF HENRY KOBLER MUSSELMAN.

Henry Kobler Musselman was executed on Friday the 20th of December, 1838, having been tried and convicted of the murder of Lazarus Zellerbach, at the pre

* Some of the females shed tears because of their hopeless visit, to such an extent had they been carried by their morbid curiosity to see a fellow being violently strangled to death!

ceding August Sessions, Judge Champneys presiding. Lewis Willman, Kobler's servant, was indicted for the same offense, but turning States evidence, Kobler was convicted, chiefly on his testimony. He testified that Kobler told him that he came with Zellerbach from Cleveland, Ohio, to Pittsburg, from whence they traveled on foot together towards Lancaster. When within a mile from this city Zellerbach stopped to ease himself, when Kobler took a stone and struck him on the head, and then took his knife and stabbed him, and threw the body over the fence, after robbing him of his pedler's pack, containing watches, jewelry, &c. Willman's evidence was corroborated by a variety of circumstances, and a case of murder in the first degree was clearly made out.

Kobler was executed in the yard of the county jail. The execution, though private—taking place in a yard surrounded by a wall nearly thirty feet high—created great excitement in the popular mind. In the neighborhood of the jail, the crowd was dense: and on several of the houses of the precincts, masses of spectators clustered to the roofs, straining their eyes to get a glimpse of the fatal ceremonies. So far did this desire extend, that about a dozen of the more adventurous spirits scaled the wall, clinging to it and peering over into the yard, forgetting their danger in the overwhelming desire to see a man hung! During the awful scene that took place before the execution, and as Kobler was swung off, the air resounded with the yells, shouts, and blasphemies of the crowd on the roofs and wall.

At about 2 o'clock, Kobler entered the yard, accompanied by the Sheriff and Goaler. He approached the scaffold quickly, with a firm and elastic step. His features, though rather melancholy, did not seem to have much fear or penitence in them. He gave a hurried glance at the spectators: and, altogether seemed to look like a man who had determined to brave the terrors of his fate. When he had partly ascended the scaffold, he stopped, raised his eyes to Heaven, and cried out, repeatedly, "Lord Jesus, receive my soul!" He then ascended entirely to the platform, where he sang, in a clear voice, some verses in German, composed by himself, a few days preceding. This concluded, he said, loud enough to be heard in every part of the yard—"Whatever I may have done to others, of *this* murder I am clear;" then forgave all who had ever injured him: and then turning abruptly, said, "*And now, Sheriff, hang me!*" Immediately after this he prayed fervently; called on God to witness his innocence; and once called out, "My God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Even after the rope was adjusted, and the cap drawn over his face, he continued his prayers. After bidding a cordial "Good bye" to Sheriff Roberts, he was hung; and in a few moments he stood in the presence of his Creator, a sacrifice to outraged justice. It was an awful sight. The undaunted bearing of the prisoner seemed to increase its solemnity and add to it unspeakable interest. A moment before, and he stood, with unquivering lips and flashing eyes, calling upon the living God to witness his innocence. A moment after, and he swung in the agonies of death! He did not struggle much; after a few conclusive heavings all was over. He was left hanging nearly half an hour.

Kobler was a singular man, and from his strange language, many were induced to believe that he was not wholly sane. He seemed to be a perfect fatalist, at least so far as his execution was concerned, which he believed inevitable and not to be averted by human agency. All the solicitations of the Clergy and others around him to extort a confession, were unavailing. He died without so much as an indication, on his own part, that he was the murderer. He said that he would have justice done him in the end, and in fifteen years the real murderer would be discovered. He declared frequently that he had been sacrificed by the Jews; and one of his unnatural declarations was, that they conspired against him as against Jesus Christ!

In a written agreement, drawn and signed a few days before his death, he actually sold his body, for a stipulated sum, to one of the physicians of this city, the money of which he spent for wine, beer, &c. After the body had hung thirty minutes, it was handed over to the physicians to experiment upon. There was a large number present. The following description of their experiments, was furnished by one of the Physicians.

"When the platform fell, Kobler swung both feet backwards and forwards,

slowly and regularly, for one minute, and then appeared to be dead; but at the end of three minutes there was a convulsive shudder over the whole body, and this was the last effort in the agonies of death.

At the end of about thirty five minutes, the body was taken down and conveyed to a room where the Physicians of Lancaster, and a few from Philadelphia, made experiments upon it with the Galvanic Battery, Electrical Machine, &c. The wind pipe was cut open, and a tube inserted, to which was attached a bellows, and with this apparatus artificial breathing was established. When the Galvanic Battery was applied, Kobler moved his arms and legs, his left arm was raised from the box upon which he lay to his breast, and his fingers were opened and shut, as if to catch something, his features expressed every passion, his eyes were opened and closed rapidly, his jaws moved as if eating, and he *breathed* with sufficient power to blow out a candle, five times in rapid succession. This was a kind of artificial life, and, of course, was only temporary.

When a dead man opens his eyes and looks about, moves his limbs, throws his arms on his breast, grinds his teeth, and tries to catch you, it requires strong nerves to witness the spectacle.

When the dead body opened its eyes, &c., some of those present ran out of the room and reported that the body had been brought to life. The reason we could not restore a permanent instead of a temporary life, was that he was dead when we received his body!"

EXECUTION OF JOHN HAGGERTY.

On the 17th of October, 1846, John Haggerty committed one of the most brutal and cold-blooded murders ever perpetrated by man or fiend. Melchoir Fordney and a woman named Catharine Tripple, living with him, were the victims. Early in the morning of that day, Haggerty gave indication of the hellish passions that were inciting him to bloodshed, by aiming a gun at several persons; first at a lady, and then at a countryman passing by with his team, but fortunately the piece hung fire both times. A few minutes after, he succeeded in despatching his own horse with the same weapon. He then proceeded to the house of Fordney and coolly butchered him and Catharine Tripple, and maimed for life a child belonging to Fordney. What passed there must forever remain in oblivion, but from the position of the bodies, and the testimony of Fordney's son, a boy about ten years old, who escaped the massacre, it may be inferred that he first despatched Fordney, subsequently Catharine Tripple who came to his assistance, and then attacked the child which followed its mother. When the alarm was given, Haggerty was discovered, through the shop window, standing over the body of Fordney, deliberately hacking it to pieces with an axe, the weapon used. A brick-bat was fired through the window, which struck him on the head, severely wounding him. He instantly turned upon his assailants, and rushed from the shop into the street, flourishing his bloody axe like an infuriated tiger, determined to cut down any who would oppose him. A volley of stones and missiles were fired at him by the crowd now congregated, when he was knocked down and the axe wrested from his grasp. His hands were then bound with a cord, and notwithstanding his severe wounds, he accompanied his captors to the prison with a firm step, his face streaming with blood from the hideous scars on his head, inflicted whilst he was being arrested.

The lad above spoken of, whilst the butchery was going on, exhibited great presence of mind and heroism. He pushed into the shop, and caught up another sister younger than himself, in his arms, (not the one struck down,) who also had followed its mother, and bearing her to another room, locked the door, and then jumped out of the window and gave the alarm.

The spectacle presented at the scene of this tragedy was awful. Fordney was lying upon his back across the front door of his shop, his body so disfigured by blood and hideous gashes, that his person was scarcely distinguishable; whilst Catharine Tripple was lying upon her face fronting the back door, her skull knocked in, and the child near by, with its brains oozing out of its broken skull.

The trial of Haggerty took place at the January sessions, 1847, and was a protracted and interesting investigation, Messrs. Benj. Champneys, Attorney General, and Wm. Mathiott, District Attorney, conducting the case for the Commonwealth,

and Geo. Ford and Jno. L. Thompson, Esqs., for the prisoner. The defense was *insanity*, and it was perhaps one of the most learned and ingenious ever made, upon such slight grounds. Judge Lewis, in his able charge to the jury, said: "there is a species of madness produced by the *immediate* influence of intoxicating liquor. It is a rule of the common law that madness occasioned by voluntary intoxication is no excuse for crimes committed during its existence and while under its influence. And accordingly in England, in Massachusets, in New York, and under the acts of Congress, where the definition of murder stands as at common law, without any division into degrees, as in this State, convictions of murder are held to be proper, without regard to this ground of defence. This rule may seem harsh, when brought to bear upon an individual whose previous experience has furnished him with no actual knowledge of the destructive tendencies of such stimulus. But there can be no hardship in its application to one whose frequent indulgence has rendered him familiar not only with its effects upon his own brain, but with its dangerous influence in respect to the lives of others. The evidence in this case fully warrants the belief that the prisoner had such knowledge. If the jury believe that the prisoner committed the act in a fit of insanity, produced by voluntary intoxication, and while under the immediate influence of spirituous liquor, he is nevertheless guilty of murder. The voluntary conversation of himself into a demon, was an unlawful act, for all the immediate consequences of which the law holds him accountable. And although there was no *deliberate intention to kill*, the law, by construction, holds him guilty, of *malice aforethought*."

The jury, after an absence of over sixteen hours, returned a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree, and a motion for a new trial having been overruled, Haggerty was duly sentenced to be hung.

Sheriff Hartman conducted him from the cell, accompanied by the Catholic clergymen. The three ascended the scaffold. Haggerty's step was firm, and his manner, was that of humility and repentance. He stood on the center of the trap, between the ministers, firmly holding a crucifix in the left hand, and with the right he repeatedly smote his breast, while the clergymen prayed for him. They then knelt down, and after a short prayer, kissed him and left the stand.

The sheriff then placed a white cap over his head and tied his hands close to his sides. The rope was adjusted upon his neck, and at exactly one o'clock that officer drew the cord and the trap fell, letting the prisoner down about two feet.

At half past one o'clock the body was cut down. Judge Lewis, who tried the deceased, was desirous that an examination of his head should be made in the presence of the numerous physicians of the city, who were present. Dr. C. L. Baker, attending physician, assisted by Drs. Atlee, Cassidy, Parry, H. Carpenter, Ehler, Smith, Richards, and others, proceeded to make an investigation. The scalp being removed, no fracture, or appearance of a fracture, was perceptible. After the most diligent search no defect was apparent.

The body was interred in the burying ground attached to the Catholic Church, the clergymen attending it to its final resting place.

During the whole time of Haggerty's incarceration, after his conviction, he appeared to be perfectly resigned to his fate, conversing freely to those who saw him in his cell in reference to his situation. He made no public confession of his past acts.

During the time of the execution, the streets around the jail were thronged with persons, and a number of unsuccessful efforts were made to effect an entrance.

The publisher acknowledges his indebtedness to Samuel Evans, Esq., Clerk of the Court of Quarter Sessions, for his courtesy and assistance in examing the records of that office; to the publisher of the New York Police Gazette for the use of the engraved likeness of Anderson and Richards, taken from a Photograph by M. H. Locher, of West king st., Lancaster; also to the same gentleman for the correct and handsome view of Mr. Garber's residence and the scene of the murder.

The list of Death Warrants published in the appendix to the work, was copied from a report made to the Legislature in 1852, by a committee appointed to inquire into the expediency of abolishing capital punishment in the State. Application was made to the present Secretary of State for those issued since 1851, but that officer declined furnishing them.

LIST OF DEATH WARRANTS issued from the year 1798 to the year 1851, with the names of criminals, the counties in which the crimes were committed, and the date of the issuing of the death warrants.

NAME.	COUNTY.	DATE.	NAME.	COUNTY.	DATE.
Charles M'Manus and John Howe	Dauphin,	June 30, 1798	John Earles	Lycoming,	Mar. 17, 1836
Elizabeth Kimby	Chester,	Sep. 3 1806	Henry Francisco	Erie,	Dec. 12, 1837
James Jameson and James M'Gowan	Dauphin,	Dec. 16, 1806	James Galligo	Allegheny,	Jan. 16, 1838
Peter Allen	Wayne,	Jan. 10, 1809	Henry Smith	Lancaster,	Mar. 5, 1838
John Charles	York,	Ap'l 21, 1809	John Murtaugh	Franklin,	May 8, 1838
Elizabeth Moore	York,	Ap'l 21, 1809	William Dunlap, jr	Lycoming,	Dec. 4, 1838
Susanna Cox	Berks,	May 9, 1809	Joshua Jones	Potter,	Feb. 19, 1839
John Schildt	Berks,	Dec. 17, 1812	William Miller	Lycoming,	May 1, 1839
Richard Smith	Philadelphia,	July 6, 1816	James Williams	Philadelphia,	June 20, 1839
Geo. S. Van Holland	Crawford,	June 14, 1817	H. Kobler Musselman	Lancaster,	Nov. 11, 1839
Cornelius Jones	Wayne,	Oct. 6, 1817	Robert M'Conahy	Huntingdon,	Sep. 19, 1840
James Hunter	Adams,	Dec. 2, 1817	James Morris	Philadelphia,	Dec. 11, 1840
John Tiernan	Allegheny,	Feb. 4, 1818	Thomas Cropper	Delaware,	June 11, 1841
John H. Craig	Delaware,	May 4, 1818	Nicholas Reinhart	Berks,	Nov. 17, 1841
James Loudon	Dauphin,	July 8, 1818	James Mee	Bedford,	Feb. 9, 1842
James Monks	Center,	Dec. 16, 1818	Patrick Flanagan & Bernard Flanagan,	Cambria,	Ap'l 11, 1842
John Lechler	Lancaster,	Sep. 16, 1822	James Dolan	Bradford,	Oct. 5, 1844
David Laughlin	Cumberland,	Sep. 16, 1822	Bridget Dolan	Bradford,	Dec. 14, 1843
William Grysan	Philadelphia,	Jan. 10, 1823	Samuel Mohawk	Butler,	Dec. 14, 1843
William Crawford	Washington,	Jan. 16, 1823	Samuel Zeppan, alias Samuel Brainard	Philadelphia,	Feb. 1, 1844
Benjamin Edwards	Franklin,	Jan. 6, 1824	Francis Baisler	Wyoming,	Oct. 5, 1844
John Zimmerman	Dauphin,	Aug. 23, 1824	Jabez Boyd	Chester,	Jan. 18, 1845
Michael George, alias James Williamson	Delaware,	Nov. 10, 1824	James M'Cafferty	Huntingdon,	Sep. 2, 1845
John Treadwell	Susquehanna,	Dec. 4, 1824	Charles Mosier	Philadelphia,	Feb. 19, 1846
James Cutler	Clinton,	Dec. 18, 1824	Frederick Beidel	Allegheny,	Jan. 23, 1847
Truman Mather	Wayne,	Sep. 18, 1828	John Haggerty	Lancaster,	Jan. 26, 1847
Christian Sharpnack	Washington,	Oct. 15, 1828	James Higgs	Schuylkill,	Ap'l 7, 1847
[illegible]	[illegible]	Oct. 28, 1829	Lawrence Tearney	Northampton,	Ap'l 7, 1847
Joseph [illegible]	[illegible]rland,	Mar. 13, 1830	Patrick Moran, [illegible]	Schuylkill,	Nov. 4, 1847
Edward Williams	Chester,	Nov. 23, 1830	[illegible]	Schuylkill,	Dec. 10, 1847
Daniel Shaffner	Lancaster,	Feb. 12, 1831	[illegible]	Wayne,	May 23, 1848
Lino Angelis Espi. Y Mina	Bucks,	May 18, 1832	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Charles Cline	Northampton,	Sep. 7, 1832	Charles Newell	Philadelphia,	June 15, 1848
Charles Murray	Philadelphia,	July 15, 1834	James Cadden	Luzerne,	Oct. 20, 1848
Charles Bowman	Chester,	Oct. 25, 1834	Uzza Robbins	M'Kean,	July 11, 1850
Joseph Blandin	Berks,	Dec. 2, 1834	James Langford	Bradford,	Sep. 1, 1848
			George Pharoah	Chester,	Mar. 29, 1851

* Died in prison. † Pardoned. ‡ Escaped.

THE SHERIFF'S CERTIFICATE OF EXECUTION.

We subjoin a copy of the Sheriff's certificate, as required by law, a similar affidavit having been made in the case of Richards, the same day of the execution:

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, *LANCASTER COUNTY, SS.*

Benjamin F. Rowe, Sheriff of the County of Lancaster, Pa., being duly affirmed according to law, before me, one of the Aldermen of the City of Lancaster, in said county, says that he did on Friday, the 9th day of April, A. D., 1858, execute ALEXANDER ANDERSON, in the yard and within the walls of the Jail of said County, as directed by the Governor of Pennsylvania, bearing date the Sixth day of February, A. D., 1858, and as by the same, I, the said Benj. F. Rowe, Sheriff as aforesaid, was authorized and required to do: by hanging the said ALEXANDER ANDERSON, in the presence of twelve reputable citizens and others, in pursuance of the provisions of the Act of Assembly, of the 10th day of April, 1804.

BENJ F. ROWE, Sheriff.

Affirmed and subscribed before me April 9th, 1858.

J. C VAN CAMP, Alderman.